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A garden is a lovesome thing,
I wot,
Though versed in lore
botanical I'm not.
I don't know vertigo from
alopecia.
And often take dementia
for amnesia.
But, ever-present in this
pleasant spot is
My pet—the oh, so thirsty
epiglottis;
I sprinkle it with Guinness
every day,
An old-time gardener's
remedy, they say,
Attributed by some to
C. Linnæus,
Which proves that Nature,
too, adores Guinness.



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Leonard Woolf

The Colour of Our Mammies

IN THE *Times* of 3rd March, 1959, on page 11, Lord Robins wrote:

First of all, the predominance of the white man—the British white African—must continue for at least another generation. Few black Africans of the central African tribes have yet developed the qualities of leadership, or the education and experience to act without control. . . . Social relations must be governed by good manners, civilised behaviour, and the will of both parties.

In the *Times* of March 3rd, 1959, on page 10, the *Times* correspondent in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, telegraphed:

Mr. Stonehouse was jeered by white settlers at Ndola, Northern Rhodesia, to-day, before leaving by air for Lusaka. Cries of "White Kaffir," "Go back to your black mammy," "Live in the compound next time," "Don't come back, Stonehouse," greeted him as he walked to the aircraft.

I quote this fortuitous irony of facts and journalism because in the juxtaposition of Lord Robins's mechanical bunkum and the realistic comments of the "British white African" of Salisbury can be seen nakedly the grim problem of imperialism and nationalism in Africa.

I was once for seven years myself an imperialist on Lord Robins's side of the fence. In 1904 I went from Trinity College, Cambridge, into the Ceylon Civil Service, an imperialist as innocent of politics and imperialism as I was twenty-four years before

that when I first entered the world in West Cromwell Road "with no language but a cry." I soon learnt what it was all about—Lord Robins's manners and civilisation, the *Herrenvolk* who are white and know how to rule, and the lesser breeds who are not so white and who, having not "yet developed the qualities of leadership, or the education and experience to act without control," "must continue for at least another generation" to be ruled.

IT is small incidents which often open one's eyes to the realities of politics. I can see a little scene which happened over fifty years ago as clearly as if it was yesterday, for it was the beginning of my doubts whether I was on the right side of the fence with the Lord Robinses and the *Herrenvolk* and the imperialists. When I got to Ceylon, I was sent up to the Northern Province and lived in its capital, Jaffna. After I had been there a year and was second-in-command to the Government Agent of the Province, a new Government Agent was appointed, a *pukka sahib* as they said in those days, a Welshman with the strange name of Ferdinando Hamlyn Price. Shortly after he arrived, I was riding with him up the main street of the town, and, when we got to the top of it where it debouched into the esplanade, I asked him to stop and look back down the street, for if he did so, he would see clearly how people had encroached upon the old line of the street, by building verandas, etc., out on to the highway. I remember the long, straight street in the glare and dust, the white houses and verandas, and women's heads peering

THIS first analysis of Anglo-Saxon Attitudes (towards "Afro-Asia") is followed in this number by two further articles: Constantine FitzGibbon ("America") and Mark Bonham Carter ("Europe").

through blinds and round doors to see what the white men were stopping for. And I can remember my horse turning round restlessly as I pointed out with my riding whip to Ferdinando Hamlyn Price the old line of the street.

I remember all this vividly because of the sequel—and the sequel was this: a few weeks later the central government in Colombo sent for report to Mr. Price, the Government Agent, a letter from the Jaffna Tamil Association. The Association complained that one of its most respected members, Mr. Sanderasekara, a well-known lawyer, had been deliberately hit in the face by the Office Assistant, Mr. Leonard Woolf. Mr. Sanderasekara had been driving in his trap up the main street of Jaffna, and, as he passed the Government Agent and the Office Assistant, who were riding in the opposite direction, Mr. Woolf had turned his horse and deliberately hit Mr. Sanderasekara in the face with his riding whip. The Association asked the Governor of Ceylon severely to punish Mr. Woolf.

I gave my official explanation in writing to the central government in Colombo. I had never deliberately hit Mr. Sanderasekara or anyone else in Jaffna or in the world with a riding whip. But I did remember how restive my horse had been as I pointed down the street with my whip and I could only assume that, as the horse wheeled round, Mr. Sanderasekara was driving past and the whip without my being aware of it had passed near his face. The Government accepted my explanation, but I doubt whether the Tamil Association or Mr. Sanderasekara believed or accepted it. And I felt pretty certain at the time, young and callow imperialist though I was, that they would not believe me. It shocked me that these people should think that, as a white man and a ruler of Ceylon, I would deliberately hit in the face a brown man of the lesser breeds to show him that he must keep in his place. For that is what all this meant. And for the first time I felt a twinge of doubt in my imperialist soul, a doubt whether we were not in the wrong, and the Jaffna Tamil Association and Mr. Sanderasekara in the right, not right in be-

lieving that I had hit him in the face, but right in feeling that my sitting on a horse arrogantly in the main street of their town was as good as a slap in the face. For fifty years ago we *Herrenvolk* in Ceylon were talking the same disingenuous bunkum about Sinhalese and Tamils as Lord Robins is solemnly talking to-day in the *Times* and House of Lords about Africans. And though the British in Ceylon were never quite as ill-mannered, uncivilised, and unfit to rule others as the white settlers of South Africa and Rhodesia, they were occasionally sufficiently offensive to reach the standard of manners and civilisation which Lord Robins and Sir Roy Welensky apparently consider appropriate to the white rulers of black men.

THE Marxists are quite right in believing in the materialist determination of history; what makes them so wrong, so exasperatingly imbecile, is their fantastic delusion that our material interests alone determine our historical actions. If only they did, what a much better world we should live in. The crimes and follies of history are largely due to the poisonous mixture of absurd beliefs, noble delusions and ideals, irrational desires, and the pursuit of our own materialist interests. It is this mixture which determines our political and social behaviour.

Of course, our attitude towards the Sinhalese and Tamils in Ceylon fifty years ago was largely influenced by the fact that we made our living out of their country and that it was very much to our material interest to remain top dogs, and the same applies to-day to Sir Roy Welensky and the white settlers. If only our differences had stopped there in the realm of rupees and pounds, shillings, and pence, it might have been comparatively easy to compose them by the use of reason, common-sense, and compromise, for after all differences in rupees and pounds, shillings, and pence are quantitative, mathematical, calculable. Mr. Sanderasekara would never have imagined that I would hit him in the face over a question of mathematics or rupees. He thought I hit him in order to show that there was a difference in our minds, our

souls—because I thought he was “a bloody native.” Just as the uncivilised white settler in Salisbury thinks that there the catastrophic difference is in mammies—he is under the delusion that if your mammy is white, you must be civilised, and if she is black, you must be uncivilised. Looking at the white settlers and Sir Roy and Lord Robins, one is tempted to say that it is probably the other way about—but that too would be the same sort of delusion. For the truth probably is that we are all equally uncivilised, whatever the colour of our mammies.

I RECALL another day fifty years ago in Ceylon which threw some light—for me—upon the psychology of imperialism.

I had been for some two years Assistant Government Agent of the Hambantota District, a largish district sparsely populated by Sinhalese in the south of Ceylon. Besides myself, there were only four or five other white men, an assistant superintendent of police, irrigation engineers, a Boer prisoner of war who was Game Sanctuary Ranger. Rinderpest broke out in the district and I was directed to insist that all cattle should be tethered or impounded, and to destroy infected or stray cattle. I had spent the whole of one day driving and riding round a heavily infected area—it was before the days of motor cars—destroying infected animals and warning owners wherever I found stray cattle that I should have to destroy them if I found them straying again. Late in the evening I drove through a small village which I had visited in the morning. By the side of the road I found two cows straying, one already showing symptoms of the disease. I sent for the owner and he proved to be a man whom I had warned earlier in the day. I felt that I must, as one said, make an example, and I took my rifle from my trap and shot the two animals.

The whole village had assembled and there was a hostile murmur from the small crowd. I explained to them that the owner had been warned, that by not impounding his animals he was infecting them and helping to spread the disease to other people's cattle all over

the country. As I walked to the trap, they followed me, and as I drove away, I still heard the dull hostile murmur of their voices.

IT WAS the only time in my three years in the Hambantota District, in my seven years in Ceylon, that I heard that note of communal hostility against myself or the Government from villagers. I was profoundly depressed. I knew that the order to impound cattle was futile, because it would not be obeyed and could not be enforced. I knew that the villagers did not believe what I said to them, that I was part of a white man's machine which they did not understand. I stood to them in the relation of God to his victims, and I have no more desire to be God than one of his victims. I spent the night in a tent or a circuit bungalow—I forget which—not many miles from the village, and I had arranged to meet there the Muhandiram or chief headman of the area to discuss with him this problem of rinderpest. The Muhandiram was a very intelligent Sinhalese, English-educated; he had been sent to Hambantota from another district where he had held a higher post—in fact he had been demoted for some error or offence. I liked him, and talked quite freely to him as I would have to a white man. He came to me after I had eaten my dinner and we strolled out on to a headland discussing the administrative problem of enforcing the rinderpest regulations. When we came to the end of the headland, we looked eastwards from a low sandy cliff over the sea. It was the days of Halley's comet. The head of the comet was just above the horizon, the tail flamed up the sky until the end of it was almost above our heads. The stars blazed with the brilliance which they have only on a clear, still, black night in the southern hemisphere. And at our feet the comet and the stars blazed reflected in the smooth, velvety black sea.

We stood in silence; it was a superb spectacle; as a work of art, magnificent. And I suppose it was what is called awe-inspiring. But there is something about these spectacular displays, about the heavenly bodies and the majestic firmament which also irritates me.

From my point of view—the human point of view—there is something ridiculous about the universe—these absurd comets racing round the sun and the absurd suns flaming away at impossible speeds through illimitable empty space. I turned to the Muhandiram and asked him what he thought about the comet and the planets and the stars. His answer depressed me even more profoundly than the Sinhalese villagers. He believed quite seriously in all the astrological nonsense which the *Daily Express* supplies to its imbecile white readers to-day. Our lives and characters, he said, were determined by the position of the constellations at our birth. I foolishly tried to convince him of the absurdity of such an idea. I might just as usefully have tried to prove to the President of the Royal Society that the earth is flat and the sun goes round it. He told me that at a female child's birth the horoscope predicted the year, day, and hour at which her menstruation would begin, and it was always accurate. If I would tell him the place and hour of my birth, he would have my horoscope drawn and it would prove to me that my life and character had been determined by the position of the heavenly bodies at the time of my birth. . . .

THE incidents of those twenty-four hours in the rinderpest-ravaged district of Ceylon fifty years ago were trivial, but they may be read as a moral tale about imperialism—the absurdity of a people of one civilisation and mode of life trying to impose its rule upon a people of an entirely different civilisation and mode of life.

My attitude towards the Hambantota villager was entirely benevolent and altruistic; I was merely trying to save from destruction some of the most valuable of their few possessions. They had less understanding of my ways, my intentions, and my rule than the half-bred bitch walking at my heels. They were the nicest of people and I was very fond of them, but they would have thrown stones at me or shot me in the back as I walked to my trap, had they dared. And the Muhan-

diram through whom I was attempting to impose our rule upon them, so quick-witted, so intelligent, so Anglicised and Europeanised—scratch the surface of his mind and you found that he believed that Halley's sublime comet, the blazing constellations above our head, the spiral nebulae, the infinite galaxies flaming away into space, had been created and kept going through billions of billions of years in order that a grubby little man in the Hambantota bazaar could calculate the exact day and hour at which the Muhandiram's infant daughter would have her first menstrual period.

When the Muhandiram of East Giruwa Pattu and I were looking at Halley's comet in the sky and reflected in the Indian ocean, ninety-nine out of every one hundred white men in Ceylon were saying of the Sinhalese and Tamils precisely what Lord Robins and the white settlers of Salisbury are saying to-day about the black Africans. They had not, we said, "developed the qualities of leadership, or the education and experience to act without control." If we were looking at politics with the eye of God, we should have to say that we were quite right—they would swindle and cheat and exploit and massacre one another and prove quite conclusively that they are not fit to govern themselves.

Where we were wrong was in thinking that it followed that we ought to govern them. Two world wars and the cold war and Fascism, Nazism, and Communism, and our calendar of crime and racial riots make one doubtful whether Europeans are fit to govern themselves. In the eye of God, which is another way of saying, if you are really concerned with the plain brutal truth, politically and culturally the European and the Asiatic have reached two rather different forms of barbarism. The record of our political and social history, even when we govern ourselves, is pretty grim, but we are at least accustomed to govern social relations by our own peculiar form of bad manners and barbarous behaviour. The trouble really begins when one kind of barbarian like Sir Roy Welensky and Lord Robins, no doubt from the highest motives and with the old, old

clichés which you can read in Herodotus were being used by the imperialist Xertes on the Hellespont 2,400 years ago, insists upon imposing by force its own peculiar domestic form of barbarism on a different kind of barbarian—for its own good, and because it is not yet capable of governing itself.

REASON and the bleakness of common-sense truth are to-day unfashionable, particularly in relation to politics and history. That history has been and is being largely determined by human stupidity is an indisputable and not unimportant truth, but if you mention it as a factor to be reckoned with, you are dismissed as an un-serious thinker.

But if you forget, for a moment, the imperialist clichés, mumbo-jumbo, and spells chanted by Lord Robins and his friends, the stupidity of the South and Central African white imperialists is staggering. If there is any certain lesson to be learnt from history it is that even in the most favourable circumstances it is extremely difficult for one race of barbarians to maintain for any length of time by force its rule over another. In the long run there is only one way of making one's rule over a subject people permanent—you must exterminate it. If the imperialist ruler does not exterminate the ruled, he is either exterminated or absorbed by them. The circumstances of the white South African and Rhodesian, if they pursue their present policy, are so precarious that their chances of imperialist survival are negligible. What can the mumbo-jumbo about apartheid, partnership, federation, good manners, and civilisation do in face of the facts? For the facts are, on one side, a ruthless exploitation of black by white, a barbarous colour-bar designed to prevent the black man attaining any kind of equality with the white; and, on the other side, Ghana and Nigeria, Egypt and Algeria, India and Ceylon and Burma and Indonesia and China and Japan. And Sir Roy Welensky, deaf to the sound of millions of brown and black feet marching on the road to self-government, decides to extend the rule of himself and a few thousand white Rhodesians and the colour-bar system, renamed partnership, to

some millions of unwilling black men in Nyasaland.

IMPERIALISM has always been bad for the imperialists. It always in the end reduces them to the state of mind of Sir Roy Welensky and Lord Robins in which they are no longer capable of facing facts because they believe in their own clichés and mumbo-jumbo. But the facts remain and force the rulers into ruthless suppression and violence. A conspiracy of the black men to kill all white men—though not a single white man has been killed—has to be “suppressed” by shooting fifty black men and imprisoning hundreds. The effects of this kind of imperialism upon the subject people is even worse than upon the imperialists. The psychology of this process could not be better described than in the following quotation from a recently-published book of short stories, *A Long Way from London*, by Dan Jacobson.

“I exult because at last there are Jews who are attacking others instead of being attacked; Jews who are hurting others instead of being hurt; Jews who are killing others instead of being killed.”

“But that’s just savagery!” I cried out.

“So?” Brodsky was not ashamed. “I am not frightened of being called a savage when I live in a world of savages. You say that you want a country that will belong to the Jews? Let me tell you that no one has ever got anything without being savage about it—as dogs, as Zulus are savage.”

“We’re not dogs, or Zulus.”

“You will have to become like them if you are serious. Your kind of Zionist is so pure and holy; but my people—my kind of Zionist—are not good, we don’t mean well, we mean to grab, to gouge, to get. Palestine will belong to those who fight hardest for it; and when we have at last got Palestine the world will know this for truth.”

The quotation applies to the Jews and Palestine, but education in communal savagery by savagery is the same for all countries and all colours. In the end the barbarism and savagery of the rulers immensely increase the indigenous barbarism and savagery of the ruled.

In Ceylon we were wise or lucky enough to leave just in time, to leave the Sinhalese and Tamils to govern themselves before they

had reached the stage of nationalist savagery. Our imperialists proved, as usual, wrong. The Ceylonese have shown themselves quite capable of governing themselves, and the Sinhalese are now behaving to the Tamil minority in the same imperialist way in which we behaved to the Sinhalese, for all mummies, whatever their colour, breed the same kind of imperialist if their children get the opportunity of practising imperialism. In Africa the ruthless native policy and apartheid in the South and the purblind policy of the Kenya and Rhodesian settlers are beginning to cause the reaction of this nationalist savagery in the sons of black mummies. Mau Mau and the threat of violence in Nyasaland are the first symptoms of the disease.

It is characteristic of the blindness of white imperialists in Africa and of their supporters in England that Lord Salisbury in the *Times* and the Welenskys in Africa attribute this inevitable reaction to their policy of native repression and exploitation to those who, like Miss Margery Perham, try gently to get the settlers to face the facts and the logic of facts. If we faced the facts and acted upon their logic, it is possible that the ultimate cata-

strophe of bloody violence might be avoided, at any rate in Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, Tanganyika, Uganda, and even perhaps Kenya. In Pretoria and Salisbury things have almost certainly gone too far to make it possible for the white South African and Rhodesian to see a glimmer of reason and so avoid the nationalist nemesis of imperialism. Elsewhere it is still not too late. The sin and tragedy of our empire have been that we have never attempted to honour our promises and train brown and black subjects for self-government, and that is why they are very badly equipped for governing themselves. There is still time in Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, and the other territories to do now what we ought to have done before, to take the African into a real partnership of government, to abolish all traces of colour-bar, and to allow the black man to learn the art of government in the only possible way, namely, by governing.

And the only way to convince the African of our good faith is by showing at once that we mean to ensure equality in all social relations and in government to all, whatever the colour of their mummies.

Limits

It could never be.
This, they knew,
As also, could it,
Would grow less true.

To weigh against this,
Set their each kiss,
Perfectly circumscribed,
Exactly what it is.

Alan Ross

Constantine FitzGibbon

Anti-American Zoo

IT WAS, I think, a George Price drawing. A small, bewildered man has wandered into a fabulous pet-shop: growling tigers, chattering monkeys, cold-eyed alligators, supercilious giraffes and hissing reptiles mill about him. And the caption ran: "Who's in charge here?" An American in London might well ask the same question, as he wades through the chaotic cacophony of anti-American statement and innuendo that clutters up so much of the British press and radio to-day. And he would have as much chance of getting an answer as the man in the pet-shop. It is obvious that all this snarling and snapping might, in certain circumstances, be of great service to the Soviet Union, and this must delight the local Communists and fellow-travellers (and, presumably, no one else): it is equally obvious that they are *not* in charge here. But what goes on?

In the first place, the vast bulk of the population is neither pro- nor anti-American. It almost never is. A vague dislike of all foreigners may crystallise into a vague annoyance with the airmen from the nearby U.S. base (or, more usually, with their English teen-age girl-friends). This is not a political emotion. A passionate emulation of American film stars, the attempts of the very young to behave as if they were honorary citizens of Brooklyn or Sacramento (1880) are almost equally irrelevant, as irrelevant as a child in a Davy Crockett hat. For the vast majority, which is predominantly working-class, seldom think about America at all. When they do their attitude is one of indifference tinged with friendly interest, as their atti-

tude towards the Irish is indifference coloured by dislike, and, to the French, by contempt.

This is less true of what, for lack of a better word, are still called the "middle classes." At the risk of over-simplification, it may be said that these classes have inherited the morality of their Victorian predecessors and, further back, of the Puritans. This morality breeds fine virtues, of which a sense of personal responsibility is perhaps outstanding, and on which British democracy is based. But there is also a price to pay, and that price lies in the reverse of, but also the stimulus to, personal responsibility, namely, personal guilt. It is human to shuffle off guilt on to others. And once the Devil has ceased to exist, his devilishness has to be accommodated elsewhere, in other human beings. These "others" must be neither too close (for if they, he, or she are too close, monomaniac hatred easily leads to madness), nor too remote (only the intimacy of actual warfare can make, say, the Japanese nation a suitable cesspool in which to dump a Briton's awareness of evil). The ideal receptacle for a transfer of the devil-within-ourselves is another race, or the adherents of another religion, or another class, within a multi-racial, multi-religious, or socially stratified society. But since Hitler, anti-Semitism is really too discredited to be openly avowed; anti-Catholicism has faded with the strength of belief; and in a country as democratic as Britain to-day, expressed hatred and fear of the majority of the voters—outspoken as late as the mid-'thirties, as is shown in Orwell's *Road to Wigan Pier*—is also and obviously foolish. (These three "anti's" persist, of course, but

sotto voce except in the case of real half-wits and psychopaths: their appeal is presumably moribund, and they are seldom to be encountered in the press except in order to be condemned.) To replace these three traditional guilt-transference objects, some low-grade Britons have picked on coloured immigrants (characteristically identifying them with prostitution). Others, looking just beyond their shores, have picked on the nation they most resemble in language, social structure, and political ideals, the Americans.

IT CANNOT be stressed too strongly that this "anti" emotion is not rational, and that its object is therefore largely the result of chance and propinquity (like love). It is, in the true sense, nihilistic, this transference of self-distrust and self-contempt into fear and hatred of "the other." That is why it does not really matter who that "other" is, since he is merely a means to an end, and not an end in himself. The most spectacular recent case of this, of course, was the anti-Semitism of the Nazis. The humiliation and later massacre of a minority within Germany was used, quite deliberately, by the Nazis, to free all those nihilistic forces on which their Third Reich was based. As Hitler told Rauschnigg: "We shall... upset the ideas and criteria of the whole world, simply and purely by attacking Judaism."

Upsetting ideas and criteria is an attractive, amusing, and, very frequently, a useful occupation. In any event, it is bound to go on so long as a free society exists. However, to burn down the house for the sake of the roast pig is a problematical gain.

The political idea which dominates our world to-day is that Communism would conquer and enslave the West, and that the best way of avoiding this is by a close alliance of those powers who object to enslavement. The strongest of these is America, the second strongest Britain, and in their mutual co-operation lies safety. This alliance has given us nearly fifteen years of peace (apart from the Korean War, in which the Americans bore a part at least proportionate to their strength) and a level of prosperity never

known before. To attack this idea now seems nihilistic indeed. But, as la Rochefoucauld remarked:

Pride, rather than a lack of perspicacity, is what usually drives us to oppose with such obstinacy opinions that are generally accepted as correct: though theirs may be the better party, the front benches are already filled, and we certainly do not wish to take a back seat.

This maxim is particularly applicable to the very young (with whom we are scarcely concerned, since they seldom write or edit anti-American articles in the popular press), and to their seniors who regard themselves as unappreciated, ill-rewarded, or have some other grudge—who are, in a word, well prepared to be "anti" something or other.

Here, then, is a suitable background for anti-Americanism. But what types of men and women fall for, or into, this reaction? Even obvious psychopaths usually advance some alleged reason for their hatred and fear of the "other." (The Protocols of Zion; the alleged divided loyalties of the Catholics; the prospect of a new guillotine.) And the men and women who defame and, it seems, deliberately distort the actions and motives of the United States in public in Britain to-day are seldom obvious psychopaths. Their reasons for so doing are multiple, for they are of many sorts.

THERE is one main grievance against the United States, and one predominant fear. The grievance lies in the fact that the United States is now more powerful than Britain. This emotion came into existence, almost overnight, during the Second World War. I remember, when first I transferred from the British to the American army in 1942, the delight with which American officers were greeted. Strangers would speak to me to tell me this, would offer me drinks, and would be visibly disappointed when I did not reply with an "American accent." And I remember, in late 1944, on returning to London from the French campaign, a very different attitude, particularly among the rich. Silly women and men who had never put on a uniform were eager to complain

about the American forces (there were too many of them in England—as though they were here of their own choice), to disparage their military value (while they were winning spectacular victories in Europe and the Pacific), and the ex-wife of a millionaire duke even grumbled to me that they were “over-paid.” The yellow press was perhaps largely responsible for this. The British papers, like their American equivalents, naturally concentrated on, and played up, the part that their soldiers were taking in the joint operations. But some British papers went further, and slanted the news so as deliberately to disparage their allies. This reached a climax with the American rebuff in the Ardennes, and the wide publicity given to certain ill-considered and unfortunate remarks of Field-Marshal Montgomery’s. If the Ardennes Battle was not quite presented as a British victory over the Americans, it was commonly believed, on no scrap of evidence, that the Americans had been defeated and that the British had had to step in, in the nick of time, to put matters right. And in Britain this newspaper invention gave rise to a remarkable amount of gloating in certain circles.

Those circles were chiefly among the richer middle classes (the stupid rich, it goes without saying). And since the war similar squalid emotions based on envy have continued to be directed against the Americans. Just as the American generals were presented as dolts (by comparison with their British counterparts), so American statesmen (Truman and, *par excellence*, Dulles) have been denigrated by these envious people as ignorant upstarts, lacking the “traditional” and “inherited” knowledge of statecraft which is, presumably, inherent in British Prime Ministers and Foreign Secretaries. And there has been a keen readiness to see in every American recession the beginning of another vast slump. This envy, as I say, is largely confined to the wealthy, the right-wing Tories, who feel that power is theirs by right and therefore resent it when others (particularly allies) are more powerful than they and have to make the decisions. This

form of anti-Americanism was strongly reinforced by Suez, which in such circles was and is regarded as a fine show of Britain’s rightful exercise of power, “stabbed in the back” by Washington.* It is very much alive to-day, and its latest manifestation lies in the public resentment by such people at American companies investing money in British industry (though during recent British economic and financial crises, these same people have regarded it as almost a duty for the United States to keep Britain solvent). They find their principal mouthpiece not in *The Times* but in the Beaverbrook and Rothermere presses. Since envy is a shameful emotion that can never be avowed, these representatives of fairly extreme right-wing opinion disguise it as criticism of the powerful American ally: but no particular perspicacity is needed to see that it is resentful envy, pure and simple. The more maniacal cases would do well to take treatment from an Adlerian psychologist. But let me stress again that I am referring to stupid or even dotty people. Clever men and women do not accept their ideas from *The Daily Mail* or *The Daily Express*. Politically-educated Conservatives are seldom anti-American.

ANTI-AMERICANISM on the Left is of a different, older, and in some ways more respectable origin. The Communists regard the Soviet Union as their Fatherland, and since the United States is the chief obstacle to a Soviet hegemony, it is their natural duty as Russian patriots to make America appear hateful in Britain. A number of underground Communists hold positions of some authority in the mass media, of which they make what use they can. But they can only be few in number. The Labour

* *The Times*, in its obituary of Dulles on 25th May, 1959, took this opportunity to accuse him of ill-faith at the time of Suez. “The British Government not unnaturally concluded that Dulles’ word could not be relied upon. Sir Anthony Eden was exasperated beyond endurance.” Surely a curious interpretation of recent history, and a strange place in which to make such a charge. *The Times*, however, has on occasion advanced even stranger views about international affairs over the past quarter century.

Party is at least as anti-Communist as are the Conservatives. And here what anti-Americanism there is, is really anti-capitalism. When the Labour Party was young and militant, the American economic system was the most highly developed example of all that it opposed. A certain traditional hostility, particularly among older left-wing people with rheumatically minds, remains. However, in general, young left-wing intellectuals are scarcely influenced by this—and with the rapid decrease in racial discrimination within the United States, even that rallying cry to Radicals is no longer a powerful tocsin. There may be a certain inherited distrust of “Americanism,” but there is little dislike of America among young left-wing intellectuals to-day. On the contrary, they think to see in American society that egalitarianism which they desire to foster here.

It is a different story with intellectuals now in their forties and fifties. These men were emotionally conditioned in the red 'thirties; they have probably given little thought to political realities since the Nazi-Soviet Pact shattered their dreams twenty years ago; and now, as an age-group, they hold positions of some authority. Cynicism provides a sort of negative satisfaction, but even so some such men, while not at all Communists, retain from their youth an emotional prejudice in favour of Russia and against the United States. They are apt to dismiss factual reports about, say, Russian slave-labour camps as “propaganda,” while accepting any statement about, say, a revival of McCarthyism as an indication of an incipient American fascism. They are, in fact, attempting to fit the political forces extant to-day into an order of battle that existed in their youth. Their attitude is perhaps best explained in the psychology of Jung.

And then there is a third source or field of anti-Americanism, which is neither the envy of a partially dispossessed ruling class nor the fossilised survival of out-dated attitudes on the Left, though it is closer to the latter than the former. This is the pacifist attitude, which nowadays finds expression in the various anti-nuclear bomb movements. And

here the emotions involved are extremely strong, being a combination both of guilt and fear, beneath the shadow of the mushroom cloud. The fear is obvious and sensible. But the guilt of many pacifists is less creditable, deriving as it often does from a knowledge of their own propensity to violence, and a terror lest they bring the retribution of Cain upon themselves. In violent terms these haters of violence decry the violence that they believe they detect in others—a pure transference. For fear lest their own country might ever assault (rape) another, they would utterly disarm (emasculate) their own people. This is, of course, a purely internal British concern. But the pacifists do not stop there. They must find a villain responsible for the state of affairs whereby they and we live under this terrible threat. The Russians are too far away, too strange, even though it be their bombs that provide the sole threat to Britain. So the villain becomes the United States, Britain's close and peace-loving ally.* The fact that when America held the monopoly of the bomb, from 1945 to 1949, it refrained from using it against an open and extremely dangerous enemy—an act of political restraint surely unparalleled in history—is forgotten; while Hiroshima and Nagasaki are presented as purely American (not, as they were, Anglo-American) actions. Nor does the transference stop

* Recently the B.B.C. televised a play by Marghanita Laski entitled *The Offshore Island*.

This play, cast apparently in the immediate future, made the following statements: that the United States would drop atomic bombs on Britain; that the United States Army would deport British survivors of this outrage to America, sterilise them, and place them in concentration camps; that the United States would then sign a peace with Russia, but continue to contaminate “Europe” in order to keep this continent neutral. This play also portrayed an American Army captain, wearing, so far as one could see, a SHAPE unit patch, shooting in cold blood a British adolescent boy.

It is, of course, no new story that pacifists should attempt to engender in others the hysteria of extreme fear that they encourage in themselves. But it is surely strange that the B.B.C., a quasi-Governmental organisation, should put out a programme (inane though it be) which, if its charges against the United States of America and the United States Army were made against an individual, could only be described as a criminal libel.

there. A country is not a really suitable receptacle for this; actual men are better. So a mythical group of men called "Pentagon generals" are imbued with all the devilish vices, and made into "the other." The sophistry is a simple one, and is given maximum encouragement (if it was not actually invented) by the Communists. Atom bomb equals death: atom bomb equals America: death is hateful and terrifying: Americans are hateful and terrifying. People who can believe this really do need psychiatric treatment. They should consult a Freudian.

THERE are other animals in the anti-American pet-shop, but these three are the largest: the disgruntled member of the old ruling class; the ageing radical still fighting his ghostly battle of long ago; and the unthinking pacifist transferring his guilt and fear elsewhere. Somewhere in the back-

ground the Man from the Cominform (or whatever it is called these days) eggs on his odd collection. And what, if anything, does it all recall?

The language is another, the circumstances quite different, but the process of transference is much the same. "The British are vulgar upstarts, a nation of shopkeepers whose army ran away at Dunkirk. *Vive le maréchal!*" "The British are threatening our working class with ruin in their own plutocratic interest. *Vive le maréchal!*" "*Mourir pour Danzig? Ça non. Vive le maréchal!*" "Down with the imperialist war! *Vive Stalin! Vive Hitler! Vive le maréchal!*" Is there even perhaps a Pétain hanging about? But this is not, or not yet, 1940. There is nobody in charge. And this decrepit, stupid, neurotic zoo represents only a very small minority in Britain. But it's a pity the beasts will roar and squeak so.

Mark Bonham Carter

Our Special Position

THE transformation of Europe proceeds unevenly, but fast. Last December the negotiations to establish a Free Trade Area broke down. In January the *European Economic Community* was launched. In May, Germany, France, and Italy voted against the plan proposed by the High Commission of the European Coal and Steel Community to deal with the coal crisis. In the same month it was reported that the United Kingdom was discussing a Nordic area with which Austria and Switzerland would be associated: these reports, which were presumably inspired, indicated that although no agreement had been reached the discussions were going well; they also expressed the hope that the new Community would not be regarded as a counter-bloc to the Six and added that they did not expect that the creation of this Second Economic Community would divide Europe politically. . . .

Meanwhile, in England during these very months opinion was on the whole moving towards the idea that some direct association between the United Kingdom, the Commonwealth, and the Six was both possible and essential. A survey in the *Manchester Guardian* showed that industrialists had moved to this point of view more quickly than most people supposed. A long article in the *Financial Times* (by Sir Edward Beddington Behrens) advocated such an association, and two important articles on the subject were published at about the same time by Mr. Peter Thorneycroft. *The Economist*, which from the start had advocated Britain's

entry into the Common Market, went on pressing the case in a number of articles and editorial comments. Of the leading papers *The Times* continued to maintain an attitude of mistrust, of which its leading article on May 20th was a prize example ("... everything against it. . .").

As so often in the past, it would seem that the importance of a great event in Europe began to be recognised in this country only as a consequence of a great failure. For it is only as a great failure that the breakdown of the Anglo-European negotiations can be seen. Why did it happen? Is it true that "the French refused to play"? Or was it that "the British failed to appreciate the political importance" which was attached to the idea of the European Community by the countries described as the Six? There is some truth in both these statements. But how odd to have underestimated the political importance of the Treaty of Rome when our main objection to it was precisely that its political implications were of a nature to which we could not honestly subscribe. It is also difficult to imagine the kind of non-political association that the British Government envisaged for the Free Trade Area. A number of important concessions were made in the course of the negotiations: agriculture, for instance, was admitted as a topic for discussion, and by the end the British were pressing for majority decisions in certain cases—and were to this extent prepared to pool their sovereignty. Supposing important concessions such as these had brought agreement, the Government can hardly have thought that the

association which emerged would have stood still. If the Free Trade Area had really been put in operation, the institutions which co-ordinated its activities would inevitably have gained a measure of political authority and power and the European links between the member countries would have grown closer. After a few years would there have been much to distinguish it from a Common Market? Alternatively, the whole thing would have dissolved.

BUT, whatever the immediate causes of the failure of the negotiations, there is little doubt that the political will necessary for success was absent. Among the French, irritation and boredom with the British attitude to Europe must surely have played a part. Sir Winston Churchill—when in opposition—launched “the European Movement.” He, and a few of his colleagues, put the

Council of Europe on its feet, but since those early days of high hopes and considerable achievements, this country has contributed exceedingly little to the idea or reality of “Europe.” There have only been douches of cold water administered impartially by successive Labour and Conservative Governments. Having persuaded the Europeans to abandon Federalism in favour of Functionalism, we have refused to perform any of the functions which were asked of us—whether in the European Coal & Steel Community, the European Defence Community, Euratom, or the Common Market. All of these ideas were French in conception; to every overture we have always said *no*; and on each occasion we pleaded “the special position” of this country. Is it any wonder that our friends and neighbours cast doubts on the sincerity of Britain’s interest in Europe?

Certainly the phrase “a special position” describes most accurately the average Englishman’s feelings about himself and his country. But do these feelings arise from or reflect a real situation? How “special” are we? As an island we are separated from Europe and this has not only had psychological effects on our general attitude to the Continent but it has also saved us from invasion and, at times, allowed us to withdraw from European entanglements. British foreign policy has swung between intervention and non-intervention in European affairs. The fact that the first great period of non-intervention occurred in Tudor times and coincided with a wave of nationalism, anti-Popery, and expansion overseas, has invested it with a spurious glamour. It also encouraged the idea that an overseas empire was in some sense an alternative to association with the Continent; that the two were incompatible and that in most situations the interests of one would have to be sacrificed to the other; that we must choose either the Empire or Europe. When Mr. Baldwin announced, rather belatedly, that the British frontier was on the Rhine, his statement was noted in some quarters as marking a revolution in our foreign policy. To Mr. Baldwin who is said to have thought that all

Tunnel

Work on the Channel Tunnel stopped in 1883 after shafts and pilot tunnels had been driven a short distance under the sea from both French and British sides. They got 2,026 yards towards France from the shaft at Shakespeare Cliff, and 800 yards from Abbots Cliff—both starting points being west of Dover.

Opposition to the project then came entirely from Britain, and arose from traditional bigotry, insular and military. The tunnel might well have been completed in the 1880’s or 90’s, had not Field-Marshal the Duke of Cambridge and Sir Garnet Wolseley insisted that French soldiers disguised as tourists would be popping out this end brandishing sabres....

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The other objector was Lord Palmerston who thought that France was too close as it was. In 1880 work was actually begun on two test tunnels, one from each side of the Channel. But the War Office began to have doubts: without a fully effective moat Britain would no longer be an island. Work on the tunnels ceased.

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN 25 April, 1959

foreigners were black except for the waiters at Aix-les-Bains, this may well have been true. But historically European and imperial issues have always been linked together; it was this close connection which Chatham recognised and which prompted him to announce that "Hanover ought to be as dear to us as Hampshire," and that he "would conquer America in Germany. . . ." But however accurate Chatham's insight and however successful his policy, the history of the United Kingdom in the 19th century allowed the Baldwin attitude to establish itself and, indeed, to become the conventional, accepted, conservative point of view. In the 19th century, for the first and last time in her history, Britain behaved and was regarded as a great power. After the defeat of Napoleon and before Bismarck's unification of Germany, with America outside the sphere of world politics and Russia still a medieval kingdom, the United Kingdom could decide the issues of peace and war. Such is a reasonable working definition of a great power. But this position was held for a remarkably short time. The misfortune from which we still suffer is that this period was also one when a great deal of history was written. The text-books and the literature on which most adult Englishmen of to-day were brought up were written with this era as their background. They assume that this country has always been, and always will remain, what in fact she was for a very short period, and for reasons which were peculiar and unlikely to recur. By the time the phrase "splendid isolation" was uttered the circumstances which it celebrated were already things of the past. I hope that the text-books of to-day from which the modern generation of children learn their history give a more accurate picture of our position in the world.

It was, of course, no fluke that the immediate response to the decline in our international position was the jingoism of the 1890's (an English version of continental theories of race), and Joseph Chamberlain's plan to make the British Empire what would now be called a third force, for such was the purpose of Empire Free Trade. That the

people of this country refused to adopt this policy speaks well for their good sense, for the idea must have had considerable emotional appeal to a nation whose commercial and military supremacy was being challenged. And, in fact, at Ottawa in 1931, in response to totally different circumstances, a modified policy of Imperial preference was agreed to, and the relics of this policy are to-day regarded as a very important part of "our special position," preventing a closer association with Europe.

WE ALSO have, of course, a "special position" with the United States. How welcome this is to the Americans I have never been able to discover. Sir Winston Churchill exploited it (though he did not invent it) more ruthlessly and more successfully than any other British Prime Minister, and the efforts of his two successors to follow in his footsteps were in one case disastrous and seem in the second of doubtful wisdom. Unless we had thought we had a very special position with the United States, no Prime Minister and no Foreign Secretary would

Affliction

Throughout the evening I listened to the friendly diatribe [a severe German criticism of "English provincialism" on the European question] with ever-growing discomfort. True enough, the object of my German friend's attack was the Tory Government. But in the privacy of my conscience I could hardly deny that it applies with almost equal strength to the opposition. Only a handful of public men, most of them Liberals or belonging to no party, have bothered to follow the development of European unity since the war. Far too many politicians—and I include myself in the number—have decided that Western Union shall be the subject on which they will candidly confess to the electors that they are totally ignorant. The peculiar obtuseness on European affairs which my German friend was attacking is not a party matter but a national affliction. . . .

R. H. S. Crossman in
THE NEW STATESMAN

have dared to embark on the Suez adventure. The practical assumption on which the operation was planned was that because of our special position we could get away with it. The assumption proved unjustified. The present Prime Minister made it his first object to restore our special position. Though this policy has certainly brought short-term dividends, it has certainly aroused distrust in Europe, and its importance, I suspect, is more highly rated in this country than in America. The Prime Minister, being like Sir Winston Churchill, half-American, may assume, with so many Englishmen, that the Americans regard themselves as half-English. This is a very old-fashioned view.

It is also, of course, high time that our special position with the Commonwealth and Empire was reassessed. The basis of the Commonwealth and Empire was naval supremacy, military power, trade, and emigration. We conquered the territories we did not populate. We traded with and protected both. The "Third British Empire," if it is to survive, will have to be a very different animal. Conquest has to be replaced by influence, the soldier and colonial administrator by the teacher and technician. Our defence commitments have already been largely taken over by the United States; though trade continues, we alone cannot possibly supply the capital which the under-developed countries such as India and the African territories require; nor is the British market sufficiently large to satisfy the expanding output of the British populated dominions. This, after all, is the significance of the Chatham House Conference in New Zealand on which Mr. Thorneycroft has recently reported; and of the New Zealand Agreement with Japan; and of Mr. Diefenbaker's record to date. Never, surely, have so many fine words buttered so few parsnips. For all his rhetoric about the Empire the best that Mr. Diefenbaker has been able to do is to maintain the tariff preference on a limited range of products. If, therefore, conquest and its colonial corollaries are things of the past, if Imperial preference is being eroded, both by inflation and the wish of the Commonwealth countries themselves, if our

defence responsibilities overseas are being taken over by America, the Third British Empire will depend primarily upon influence, in which sentiment and traditional relationships will inevitably play an important rôle. But the Empire was not acquired as part of any coherent policy, still less as part of a long-term plan. In so far as we deliberately collected overseas territories, it was often to use them as "gages to be bargained in our European diplomacy." This could still apply to what remains of Imperial preference; at the same time our influence in the Commonwealth to-day would be greatly increased if we were to provide them with the means of access to growing markets and to sources of capital.

THAT the Common Market has been set up without British participation represents a great failure on our part. It may create for us a new and most unpleasant "special position"—the special position of being left out. No one believes any longer that we will get in by following Mr. Maudling's oft-repeated advice of waiting until the idea of a Free Trade Area revives. There is every indication that those of us were right who said last December that the idea was dead; the dead are not raised by a vigil but by a miracle. The fact is that the Free Trade Area now lies in that twilight zone where ideas that are not quite good enough rest on their way to oblivion.

We are now faced with our European dilemma. If the Common Market succeeds we will find ourselves in the disagreeable position of being excluded from the most hopeful event that has occurred in Europe in recent generations. If it fails it will be an unmitigated disaster for the West as a whole. We must therefore hope that it succeeds and we must try to get in, not only because it is in our interest (and in the interests of the Commonwealth and of the West as a whole), but also because our presence would help it to succeed. A British presence in the continental councils would help to keep Europe liberal politically and economically. We could provide a catalyst around which many sound and

creative elements in Europe could gather. Whatever our shortcomings, we have in the past shown political imagination and the ability to make political institutions work. By reason of our geographical position, our history, and our culture, we are European, and the idea of the new Europe growing up without our participation is one I find hard to accept. Were it not for the fact that the European Movement has been neglected in this country as much by intellectuals as by politicians, it would not be necessary to recall the elementary statistical facts as given by M. Jean Monnet about the European Economic Community. The population of the Six is 165 million; their gross national product is \$230,000 million a year; between 1945 and 1958 their industrial production expanded three times as fast as ours in the United Kingdom and they will be the biggest importers in the world. . . . Behind these statistics lie the vitality and the genius of the peoples of Western Europe to which their prosperity, less than fifteen years after the Second Civil War of this century, bears dramatic witness.

THE British attitude to Europe and its reaction to the failure of the Free Trade negotiations is a curious commentary on contemporary politics in this country. When Sir Winston Churchill launched the European Movement at The Hague Conference in 1948, members of the Labour Party were forbidden to attend. It was a Labour Government that refused to participate in the European Coal & Steel Community and the European Defence Community, and when the Conservative Government, returning to office, maintained the same attitude and also refused to participate fully in Euratom and the Common Market, it was with Labour support. One could not possibly expect the Conservative Party to lead this country into Europe, given its natural habit of walking backwards into the future. It is an irony of history that perhaps the only two Conservatives who might have been able to bludgeon their party into this radical step were Sir Winston Churchill and Sir Anthony Eden in combination (but it would have had to have

been a Churchill some years younger and an Eden at the height of his physical powers, unintimidated by Tory criticism of being "liberal" and "soft" and convinced by his chief of the wisdom of the policy). If it is not the function of Conservatism to blaze trails such as these, it is its duty to march along them behind the pioneers. The link with Europe, the development of common *international* institutions, the careful construction of a European economy leading to higher standards of living, a better distribution of wealth, and a vastly expanding economy—and all this emerging from the brain of Jean Monnet, one of nature's technocrats—this surely should have appealed to any radical party worthy of the name (and particularly to one which was in desperate need of new ideas). But it terrified the Labour Party. Only the other day Mr. Aneurin Bevan described the Common Market as "a gimmick," and apart from one or two isolated and enlightened individuals the official Labour Party attitude to these matters remains as conservative as that of the Government. But then, of course, they have ceased to be a radical party.

As this article goes to press, the reports of the Nordic Free Trade Area negotiations have become more specific: conversations have been going on and it is said that agreement is in sight. Once more it is its political implications which should concern us most closely. "One point is quite certain," wrote the *Financial Times* on this subject on May 14th, "it would be wrong to impute to any of the participants the motive of splitting Europe." It would certainly be insulting to impute such motives to anyone; but such is a very possible consequence of the present plan. We have already seen the political consequences of the failure of the Free Trade Area negotiations in the confusion among the Western powers which preceded the Geneva Conference and the loud discord that accompanied the Prime Minister's visit to Moscow. With two European communities in mutual competition this confusion might well turn into division whatever the motives of the various parties. Such a division would be a disaster.

Two Poems by Vernon Watkins

The Replica

Once more the perfect pattern falls asleep,
And in the dark of sleep the replica
Springs to awareness. Light is born of dark
As the young foal beside his mother steps,
Closer than her own shadow. All runs down
To agile youth, born of laborious age.
She feels his presence in the pulse of earth,
Entranced above her pasture, how his eyes
From that new darkness at the end of time
In wonder stare, astonished by her world.
Each pristine, airy venture is prescribed
By weight of the maternal shade he left,
The circle ending where his race began.

The waterfall by falling is renewed
And still is falling. All its countless changes
Accumulate to nothing but itself.
The voice of many mountains or of one,
The dissipation of unnumbered drops
Vanishing in a dark that finds itself
In a perpetual music, and gives light
In fading always from the measuring mind:
Such is the waterfall; and though we watch it
Falling from rock to rock and always changing,
Cast to a whirlpool, pent by rock, pursuing
A reckless path, headlong in radiant mist
Leaping within the roar of its own chains,
We know it lives by being consumed, we know
Its voice is new and ancient, and its force
Flies from a single impulse that believes
Nothing is vain, though all is cast for sorrow.
There hangs the image of our life, there flies
The image of our transience. If you ask
Where may divinity or love find rest
When all moves forward to a new beginning
And each obeys one constant law of change,
I cannot answer.

Yet to man alone,
Moving in time, birth gives a timeless movement,
To taste the secret of the honeycomb
And pluck from night that blessing which outweighs

Two Poems by Vernon Watkins

All the calamities and griefs of time.
 There shines the one scene worthy of his tears,
 For in that dark the greatest light was born
 Which, if man sees, then time is overthrown,
 And afterwards all acts are qualified
 By knowledge of that interval of glory:
 Music from heaven, the incomparable gift
 Of God to man, in every infant's eyes
 That vision which is ichor to the soul
 Transmitted there by lightning majesty,
 The replica, reborn, of Christian love.

For a Christening

The Word shines still
 Locked in dumb stone. We approach
 The cloistral, chill
 Shell that no touch
 May take from its own source, its secret rill.

Cupped in this crust
 Of crumbling age, light lingers
 Liquid in stone. Ah, trust
 Your christener's fingers,
 Child, and receive our homage, as is just.

Here let him place,
 Held in the slanting light,
 Your head, touch water, trace
 Your name, and write
 The effective seal by which men come to grace.

By this one way
 They who are dead live more.
 This day is still their day
 Who went before,
 And you their hope, in the sun's moving ray.

Worshippers here,
 We are come to see that prism
 Take fire, where Christ's own tear
 In your baptism
 Consecrates, first each drop, then all the sphere.

No future fate
 Dismays us where we stand.
 The centre is our state
 Who hold time's sand
 In scales of worship, though it falls by weight.

Of radiant love,
Given starlike without stint
By Father, Son, and Dove,
Take now the print
Which death shall not obliterate, nor time move.

Seeing lives go by
Unlit, the Father chose
That His own Son should die
And His eyes close
On truth, to make a new theology.

Even as He fell
With sabachthani cries
To those three days in hell,
So must your eyes
Close, for three seconds now, to be made well.

Dive, then: receive
This water with our prayer,
That, when the stunned drops leave
Love's image there,
A cloth by pressure may your life reprieve.

For time's old beat
Must change to music when
Fly to His steadfast feet
The souls of men,
And lightning play on every winding-sheet.

So raised, learn this:
To admire a paradox
Is not enough. It is
Lightning that rocks
The shroud itself, if our own loss we kiss.

Then, then alone
We live, when our lives take
That brightness for their own.
So sink; then wake,
Shining, being raised, where holy water shone.

C. P. Snow

The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution

THE distinction between the industrial revolution and the scientific revolution is not clear-edged, but it is a useful one. By the industrial revolution, I mean the gradual use of machines, the employment of men and women in factories, the change in this country from a population mainly of agricultural labourers to a population mainly engaged in making things in factories and distributing them when they are made. That change, as I have said, crept on us unawares, untouched by academics, hated by Luddites, practical Luddites and intellectual ones. It is connected, so it seems to me, with many of the attitudes to science and æsthetics which have crystallised among us. One can date it roughly from the middle of the 18th century to the early 20th. Out of it grew another change, closely related to the first but far more deeply scientific, far quicker, and probably far more prodigious in its result—the application of real science to industry, no longer hit-and-miss, no longer the ideas of odd “inventors.”

Dating this second change is very largely a matter of taste. Some would prefer to go back to the first large-scale chemical or engineering industries, about sixty years ago. For myself, I should put it much further on, not earlier than thirty to forty years ago—and as a rough definition, I should take the time when atomic particles were first used industrially. I believe the industrial society of electronics, atomic energy,

automation, is in cardinal respects different in kind from any that has gone before, and will change the world much more. It is this transformation that, in my view, is entitled to the name of “scientific revolution.”

This is the material basis of our lives; or more exactly, the social plasma of which we are a part, and we know almost nothing about it. I remarked earlier that highly-educated members of the non-scientific culture couldn't cope with the simplest concepts of pure science; they would be even less happy with applied science. How many educated people know anything about productive industry, old-style or new? “What is a machine-tool?” I once asked a literary party, and they looked shiftily. Unless one knows, industrial production is as mysterious as witch-doctoring. Or take buttons, which aren't very complicated things. They are being made in millions every day, and one has to be a reasonably ferocious Luddite not to think that that is, on the whole, an estimable activity. Yet I would bet that out of men getting Firsts in arts subjects at Cambridge this year, not one in ten could give the loosest analysis of the general kind of organisation which it requires.

In the United States, perhaps, there is a wider nodding acquaintance with industry, but has any American novelist of importance ever been able to assume that his audience had it? He can assume (and only too often does) an acquaintance with a pseudo-feudal society, like the fag-end of the Old South, but not with industrial society. Certainly an English novelist couldn't.

Yet the personal relations in a productive organisation are of the greatest subtlety and interest. They are very deceptive. They look as though they ought to be the personal relations that one gets in any hierarchical structure with a chain of command, like a division in the army

THIS is the second and concluding part of Sir Charles Snow's Rede lecture at Cambridge, which has been provoking much editorial comment. His views on "The Two Cultures" will be discussed by a number of "scientific" and "non-scientific intellectuals" in the next ENCOUNTER.

or a department in the civil service. In practice they are much more complex than that, and anyone used to the straight chain of command gets lost the instant he sets foot in an industrial organisation.

I THINK it is only fair to say that most pure scientists have themselves been devastatingly ignorant of productive industry, and many still are. It is permissible to lump pure and applied scientists into the same scientific culture, but the gaps are wide. Pure scientists and engineers often totally misunderstand each other. Their behaviour tends to be very different: engineers have to live their lives in an organised community, and however odd they are underneath, they manage to present a disciplined face to the world. Not so the pure scientists. In the same way, pure scientists still have (though less than twenty years ago) a higher proportion in left-of-centre politics than any other profession. Not so engineers, who are conservative almost to a man, absorbed in making things; and the present social order seems good enough for them.

Pure scientists have by and large been dimwitted about engineers and applied science. They couldn't get interested: they wouldn't recognise that many of the problems were as intellectually exacting as "pure" problems, and many of the solutions were as satisfying and beautiful. Their instinct—perhaps sharpened in this country by the passion to find a new snobism whenever possible, and to invent one if it doesn't exist—was to take it for granted that applied science was an occupation for second-rate minds. I say this more sharply because thirty years ago I took precisely that line myself. The climate of thought of young research workers in Cambridge then was not to our credit. We prided ourselves that the science we were doing could not, in any conceivable circumstances, have any practical use. The more firmly one could make that claim, the more superior one felt.

Rutherford himself had little feeling for engineering. He was amazed—he used to relate the story with incredulous admiration—that Kapitza had actually sent an engineering drawing to Metrovick, and that those magicians had duly studied the drawing, *made the machine*, and delivered it to Kapitza's laboratory! Rutherford was so impressed by Cockcroft's engineering skill that he secured for him a special capital grant for machinery—the enormous grant of £600. In 1933, four years before his death,

Rutherford said, firmly and explicitly, that he didn't believe the energy of the nucleus would ever be released in a utilisable form—nine years later, at Chicago, the first pile began to run. That was the only major bloomer in scientific judgment Rutherford ever made. It is interesting that it should be at the point where pure science turned into applied.

No, pure scientists did not show much understanding or display much sense of social fact. The best that can be said for them is that, given the necessity, they found it fairly easy to learn. In the war, a great many scientists had to familiarise themselves with production. It opened their eyes. In my own job, I had to try to get some insight into industry; it was one of the most valuable pieces of education in my life, but it started when I was thirty-five.

WHY aren't we coping with the scientific revolution? Why are other countries doing better? How are we going to meet our practical and our cultural future?

If one begins by thinking only of the intellectual life, or only of the social life, one comes to a point where it becomes manifest that our education has gone wrong.

I don't pretend that any country has got its education perfect. In some ways, as I said before, the Russians and Americans are both more actively dissatisfied with their own than we are: that is, they are taking more drastic steps to change it. But that is because they are more sensitive to the world they are living in. For myself, I have no doubt that, though neither of them has the answer right, they are a good deal nearer than we are. We do some things much better; in educational tactics, we are often more gifted than they are; in educational strategy, by their side, we are only playing at it.

The differences between the three systems are revelatory. We teach, of course, a far smaller proportion of our children up to the age of eighteen; and we take a far smaller proportion even of those we do teach up to the level of a university degree. The old pattern of training a small élite has never been broken, though it has been slightly bent. Within that pattern, we have kept the national passion for specialisation. We work our clever young up to the age of twenty-one far harder than the Americans, though no harder than the Russians. At eighteen, our science specialists know more science than their contemporaries anywhere (though they know less of anything else); at twenty-one, when they

take their first degree, they are probably still a year or so ahead.

The American strategy is different in kind. They take everyone, almost the entire population, up to eighteen in High Schools, and educate them very loosely and generally. Their problem is to inject some rigour—in particular some fundamental mathematics and science—into this loose education. A very large proportion of the eighteen-year-olds then go to college: and this college education is, like the school education, much more diffuse and less professional than ours. At the end of four years, the young men and women are usually not so well-trained professionally as we are (though I think it is fair comment to say that a higher proportion of the best of them, having been run on a looser rein, retain their creative zest). Real severity enters with the Ph.D.; at that level the Americans suddenly begin to work their students much harder than we do. It is worth remembering that they find enough talent to turn out nearly as many Ph.Ds. in science and engineering each year as we contrive to get through our first degrees.

The Russian High School education is much less specialised than ours, much more arduous than the American. It is so arduous that for the non-academic it seems to have proved too tough, and they are trying other methods from fifteen-to-seventeen. The general method has been to put everyone through a kind of continental *Lycée* course, with a sizeable component (more than 40 per cent) of science and mathematics. Everyone has to do all subjects. At the university this general education ceases abruptly; and for the last three years of the five-year course, the specialisation is more intensive even than ours. That is, at most English universities a young man can take an honours degree in mechanical engineering. In Russia he can take, and an enormous number do take, a corresponding degree in one bit of mechanical engineering, aerodynamics, or machine-tool design or diesel engine production.

They won't listen to me, but I believe they have overdone this, just as I believe they have slightly overdone the number of engineers they are training. It is now much larger than the rest of the world put together—getting on for twice as large. Pure scientists they are training only slightly more than the United States, though in physics and mathematics the balance is heavily in the Russian direction.

Our population is small by the side of either the U.S.A. or the U.S.S.R. Roughly, if we com-

pare like with like (and put scientists and engineers together), we are training at a professional level per head of the population one Englishman to every one-and-a-half Americans to every two-and-a-half Russians. Someone is wrong.

WITH some qualifications, I believe the Russians have judged the situation sensibly. They have a deeper insight into the scientific revolution than we have, or than the Americans have; the gap between the cultures doesn't seem to be anything like so wide as with us. If one reads contemporary Soviet novels, for example, one finds that their novelists can assume in their audience—as we cannot—at least a rudimentary acquaintance with what industry is all about. Pure science doesn't come in, and they don't appear much happier with it than literary intellectuals are here. But engineering does; an engineer in a Soviet novel is as acceptable, so it seems, as a psychiatrist in an American one. They are as ready to cope in art with the processes of production as Balzac was with the processes of craft manufacture. It may also be significant that, in these novels, one is constantly being confronted with a passionate belief in education: the people in them believe in education exactly as my grandfather did, and for the same mixture of idealistic and bread-and-butter reasons. At any rate, the Russians have judged what kind and number of educated men and women a country needs to come out top in the scientific revolution.

It happens that of all the advanced countries, our position is by a long way the most precarious. That is the result of history and accident. If our ancestors had invested talent in the Industrial Revolution instead of the Indian Empire, we might be more soundly based now; but they didn't. We are left with a population twice as large as we can grow food for, so that we are always going to be *au fond* more anxious than France or Sweden; and with very little in the way of natural resources—by the standard of the great world powers, with nothing.

The only real assets we have, in fact, are our wits. We have a good deal of cunning, native or acquired, in the arts of getting on among ourselves: that is a strength. And we have been inventive and creative, possibly out of proportion to our numbers. I don't believe much in national differences in cleverness, but compared with other countries we are certainly no stupider.

Given these two assets, and they are our only

ones, it should have been for us to understand the scientific revolution first, to educate ourselves to the limit, and give a lead. Well, we have done something. In some fields—like atomic energy—we have done better than anyone could have predicted. Within the pattern, the rigid and crystallised pattern of our education and of the two cultures, we have been trying moderately hard to adjust ourselves.

The bitterness is: it is nothing like enough. To say we have to educate ourselves or perish is a little more melodramatic than the facts warrant. To say we have to educate ourselves or watch a steep decline in our own lifetime is about right. We cannot do it, I am now convinced, without breaking the existing pattern. I know how difficult this is; it goes against the emotional grain of nearly all of us; in many ways, it goes against my own, standing uneasily with one foot in a world that's dead or dying, and the other in a world that at all costs we must see born. I wish I could be certain that we shall have the courage of what our minds tell us.

BUT that is our local problem, and it is for us to struggle with it. The main issue of the scientific revolution is that the people in the industrialised countries are getting richer, and those in the non-industrialised countries are at best standing still: the gap is widening every day. On the world scale this is the gap between the rich and the poor.

Among the rich are the U.S., the white Commonwealth countries, Great Britain, most of Europe, and the U.S.S.R. China is betwixt and between, not yet over the industrial hump, but probably getting there. The poor are all the rest. In the rich countries people are living longer, eating better, working less. In a poor country like India, the expectation of life is less than half what it is in England. There is some evidence that Indians and other Asians are eating less, in absolute quantities, than they were a generation ago. The statistics are not reliable, and I have been told not to put too much trust in them. But it is accepted that, in all non-industrialised countries, people are not eating better than at the subsistence level; and they are working as people have always had to work from Neolithic times until our own. Life for the overwhelming majority of mankind has always been nasty, brutish, and short. It is still so in the poor countries.

This disparity between the rich and the poor has been noticed—and noticed, most acutely and

not unnaturally, by the poor. Once observed, it cannot last for long. Whatever else in the world we know survives to the year 2000, that won't. The trick of getting rich is no secret, and the world cannot survive half rich and half poor.

The West has to help in this transformation, but the trouble is that the West, with its divided culture, finds it hard to grasp just how big and, above all, just how fast the transformation must be. During all human history until this century, the rate of social change has been very slow, so slow that it would almost pass unnoticed in one person's lifetime. That is no longer so. The rate of change has increased so much that our imagination can't keep up; there is *bound* to be more social change, affecting more people, in the next decade than in any before; there is *bound* to be more change again in the 'seventies. In the poor countries, people have caught on to this simple concept, and men there are no longer prepared to wait for periods longer than one person's lifetime.

The comforting assurances, given *de haut en bas*, that maybe "in a hundred or two hundred years" things may be "slightly better" for them—they only madden. Pronouncements such as one still hears from old Asia or old Africa hands—"Why, it will take those people five hundred years to get up to our standard!"—are at once suicidal and technologically illiterate. Particularly when said, as they always seem to be said, by someone looking as though it wouldn't take Neanderthal Man five years to catch up with *him*.

The fact is, the rate of change has already been proved possible. Someone said, when the first atomic bomb went off, "the only important secret is now let out—the thing works." After that, any determined country could make the bomb, given a few years. In the same way, the only secret of the Russian and Chinese industrialisation is that they have brought it off. That is what Asians and Africans have noticed. It took the Russians about forty years, starting with something of an industrial base (Tsarist industry wasn't negligible), but interrupted by a Civil War and then the greatest war of all. The Chinese started with much less of an industrial base, but have not been interrupted, and it looks as if it will not take them much over half the time.

These transformations were made with inordinate effort and with great suffering. Much of the suffering was unnecessary: the horror is hard for a contemporary to look at straight. Yet

they have proved that common men can show astonishing fortitude in chasing jam to-morrow. Jam to-day, and men aren't at their most exciting: jam to-morrow, and one often sees them at their noblest.

The transformations have also proved something which only the scientific culture can take in its stride. It is simply that technology is rather easy. Or more exactly, technology is the branch of human experience that people can learn with predictable results. For a long time, the West misjudged this very badly. After all, a good many Englishmen have been skilled in mechanical crafts for half a dozen generations, and somehow we made ourselves believe that the whole of technology was a more or less incommunicable art. True enough, we start with a certain advantage. Not so much because of tradition, I think, as because all our children play with mechanical toys: they are picking up pieces of applied science before they can read. Just as the Americans have the advantage that nine out of ten adults can drive a car and are, to some extent, mechanics; in the last war, which was a war of small machines, that was a real military asset. Russia may be catching up with the U.S. in major industry—but it will be a long time before Russia is as convenient a country as the U.S. in which to have one's car break down.*

But for the task of totally industrialising a major country, as in China to-day, it only takes will to train enough scientists and engineers and technicians—will, and a few years time. There is no evidence that any country or race is better than any other in "scientific teachability": there is a good deal of evidence that all are much alike; tradition and technical background seem to count for surprisingly little.

We have all seen this with our own eyes. I have found Sicilian girls taking the top places in a very exacting honours physics course at the University of Rome: such girls had been in something like *purdah* thirty years ago. And I

* There is one striking result in all major industrialised societies: the amount of talent one requires for the primary tasks is greater than any country can comfortably produce. The consequence is that there are no people left, clever, competent, and resigned to a humble job, to keep the wheels of social amenities going smoothly round. Postal services, railway services, etc., are likely slowly to deteriorate just because the people who once ran them are now being educated for different things. This is already clear in the United States, and is becoming clear in England.

remember John Cockcroft coming back from Moscow some time in the early 'thirties. The news got round that he had been able to have a look, not only at laboratories, but at factories and the mechanics in them. What did we expect to hear? Certainly there were some who had pleasurable expectations of those stories precious to the hearts of western man—*moujiks* prostrating themselves before a milling machine, breaking vertical borers with their bare hands. Someone asked Cockcroft what the skilled workmen were like. Well, he has never been a man to waste words. A fact is a fact is a fact. "Oh," he said, "they're just about the same as the ones at Metrovick." That was all. He was, as usual, right.

THERE is no getting away from it: it is technically possible to carry out the scientific revolution in India, Africa, South East Asia, Latin America, the Middle East, within fifty years. There is no excuse for western man not to know this; this is one of the situations where the worst crime is innocence.

The gap between the rich countries and the poor can be removed, and it will be. If we are short-sighted, inept, incapable either of goodwill or enlightened self-interest, then it may be removed to the accompaniment of war and starvation. The questions are: *how?* and *by whom?* The scientific revolution on the world-scale needs, first and foremost, capital: capital in all forms, including capital machinery. The poor countries, until they have got beyond a certain point on the industrial curve, cannot accumulate that capital; that is why the gap between rich and poor is widening. The capital must come from outside.

The second requirement, after capital, is men. That is, trained scientists and engineers adaptable enough to devote themselves to a foreign country's industrialisation for at least ten years of their lives. Here, unless and until the Americans and we educate ourselves both sensibly and imaginatively, the Russians have a clear edge. This is where their educational policy has already proved itself: they have such men to spare if they are needed. We just haven't (and the Americans aren't much better off.) Imagine, for example, that there was a great Anglo-American plan to help the Indians carry out a major industrialisation, similar in scale to the Chinese. Imagine that the capital could be found. It would then require something like ten to twenty thousand engineers from the U.S. and

Britain to help get the thing going. At present, we couldn't find them.

These men (whom we don't yet possess) need to have a special training not only in scientific but in human terms. They could not do their job if they did not shrug off every trace of paternalism. Not a few Europeans, from St. Francis Xavier to Schweitzer, have devoted their lives to Asians and Africans, nobly but paternally. These are not the Europeans whom Asians and Africans are going to welcome now. They want men who will muck in as colleagues, who will pass on what they know, do an honest technical job, and get out. Fortunately, this is an attitude which comes easily to scientists. They are freer than most from racial feeling; their own culture is in its human relations a democratic one. Scientists could do us good all over Asia and Africa.

THAT is the size of the problem. An immense capital outlay, an immense investment in men (both scientists and linguists, most of whom the west does not yet possess), with rewards negligible in the short run (apart from doing the job) and in the long run most uncertain.

I have, of course, already been told: "This is all very fine and large. But you are supposed to be a realistic man. You are interested in the fine structure of politics. You have spent some time studying how men behave in the pursuit of their own ends. Can you possibly believe that men will behave as you say they ought to? Can you imagine a political technique, in parliamentary societies like the U.S. or our own, by which any such plan could become real? Do you really believe that there is one chance in ten that any of this will happen?"

That is fair comment. I can only reply that I do not know. When we have said something about the egotisms, the weaknesses, the vanities, the power-seekings of men, have we said everything? Yes, they are like that. They are the

bricks with which we have got to build, and one can judge them through the extent of one's own selfishness. But they are sometimes capable of more. Any "realism" which does not apprehend that is not serious.

Yet, I confess, and I should be less than honest if I did not, that I cannot see the political technique through which the good human capabilities of the West can be activated. The best one can do, and it is a poor best, is to nag away, but that is perhaps too easy a palliative for one's own disquiet. Though I don't know how we can do what we need to do, or whether we shall do anything at all, I do know this: that, if we don't do it, the Communist countries will in time. They will do it at great cost to themselves and others, but they will do it. If that is how it turns out, we shall have failed, both practically and morally. At best, the West will have become an *enclave* in a different world—and this country will be the *enclave* of an *enclave*. Are we resigning ourselves to that? History is merciless to failure. In any case, if that happens, we shall not be writing the history.

Meanwhile, there are steps to be taken which are not outside the powers of reflective people. Education is not the total solution to this problem; but without education the West can't even begin to cope. All the arrows point the same way. Closing the gap between our cultures is a necessity in the most abstract intellectual sense as well as in the most practical. When those two senses have grown apart, then no society is going to be able to think with any wisdom. For the sake of the intellectual life, for the sake of this country's special danger, for the sake of the western society living precariously rich among the poor, for the sake of the poor who needn't be poor if there is intelligence in the world, it is obligatory for us and the Americans, for the whole West, to look with fresh eyes.

We have been brought up to think as though we had all the time in the world, and we have very little. So little that I dare not guess at it.

Alastair Buchan

Between Sword and Shield

The Slackening Threads

IT is an interesting historical irony that the second Berlin crisis should take place exactly half-way through the life of the Alliance which the first Berlin crisis did so much to inspire and consolidate.

Khrushchev had his own reasons for precipitating a winter-long dispute over that city last November, but if he had been NATO's keenest supporter he could scarcely have done it a better turn than to force its constituent members to examine its real value on the eve of its tenth birthday. When the centre of tension has been elsewhere (in Quemoy or the Middle East), or has been elevated to general problems like disarmament, it has been easy for the enthusiasts for NATO and the Atlantic Community to dodge the issue, to point out that this is not the kind of question the Alliance was founded to confront.

But with Berlin it has been different: the military have had to dust off contingency plans for the possible use of force in Europe itself, the politicians think long and hard about solutions and compromises that have lain pigeon-holed for years in national Foreign Offices, and above all the public of the member countries have had to consider whether in fact they really have the community interest and identity of aim with their fellow citizens in the Alliance—British with German, French with American, Scandinavian with Italian—that the speech-writers have for years been telling them they had. What the Berlin crisis has done is to ensure that the celebrations of NATO's birthday and this summer's Atlantic Congress in London do not take place in any euphoric air of self-congratulation about its achievements in the past but with an eye to the future, to its chances of surviving as an effective Alliance, and to its hopes of achieving its own ultimate objective—its own liquida-

tion through negotiation of a better and more comprehensive system of European security.

Prophecy is not a wise man's game, and the most that anyone can attempt at this stage is to cast up a rough balance-sheet. It is important that the passage of time and the emergence of a generation to whom the doubts and apprehensions of the late 'forties are only a schoolboy memory, should not dull one's appreciation of what has actually been achieved. Whatever can now be said about Soviet intentions, about the greater preoccupation of Khrushchev with Asia and Africa, there is no doubt that to Stalin Western Europe was the prize, and that it was the formation of NATO, that is the American commitment to the defence of what remained of free Europe, which denied it to him. Neither Soviet arms nor Soviet influence have made any headway here since then. The French and Italian Communist parties which once seemed an inevitable Soviet point of entry into Western Europe have dwindled in influence almost to the status of loyal oppositions. Soviet attempts at diplomatic intimidation of the more exposed allies—Norway, Denmark, and Turkey—have had little effect. And behind the protective wall of the Treaty's collective security provisions Western Europe has developed an economic vitality which would have seemed inconceivable in the troubled and disoriented atmosphere of ten years ago.

But this achievement belongs to history, even though it is very recent history, and does not provide an answer to the question of "what military value NATO possesses for the future?" It is a question that is frequently asked throughout the European Left.

In my own view, the answer is a straightfor-

ward one, compounded of one negative and one positive reason. The negative reason is that the diversification of Soviet military power into many different forms—long-range missiles, a sizeable long-range bomber force, a large submarine navy, as well as the strong army which the Alliance was originally founded to contain—has made the defence of the whole NATO area (North Atlantic, Mediterranean, Arctic, and the connecting land masses) into one military problem. The problems of defence against the missile, the bomber, and the submarine require co-ordination over the largest possible geographical area. The radar stations in Turkey are becoming as essential to the air defence of Germany as the radar stations in Scotland will be to the security of San Francisco. If NATO had not existed before the missile age, it would have been militarily necessary to create something like it for this one purpose alone.

But though the missile and the submarine may have widened the scope for, and increased the need for international military planning, the heart of NATO's problems remains where it has always been—in Europe. Most people indeed tend to equate the whole of NATO's military responsibilities with the defence of Western Europe, which in fact forms only one of three subordinate commands under the Supreme Commander, Europe, who is himself only responsible for half the NATO area. But the instinct is correct. The Central Area (the Northern Area comprises Norway and Denmark; the Southern Area: Italy, Greece, and Turkey) not only embraces the richest industrial complex outside the Soviet Union and the United States, it is also the focus of both Soviet and Western fears. Though this might logically have led to some form of disengagement from Germany and perhaps a wider area, in the interests of a re-united and neutralised Germany, in fact it has not. One of the purposes of the Berlin crisis has been to make it very clear to the West that Russia envisages for the foreseeable future a divided Germany, with an East German régime supported by the Soviet military presence.

The aim of "negotiations from positions of strength" has become somewhat fly-blown in the course of the Cold War, but Khrushchev has made it very clear that he is not interested in negotiating for any other reason. And the plain fact is that there is insufficient strength in Western Europe of a kind that has a negotiable value (something which I should like to return to) to interest the Russians in discussing a unified Ger-

many, or any form of European security system which does not exactly suit their interests. Nor could any single Western nation provide it. This is the positive function of NATO over its next decade: to provide not only a collective defence but the basis of an effective Western diplomacy.

TO UNDERSTAND the long distance that must yet be travelled towards this objective, it is as well to cast a glance back at the confusion of aims and ideas which have bedevilled the first ten years of the alliance.

When it first became clear, in the light of the Korean War, that a simple American commitment as specified in the Treaty to come to the aid of her allies in the event of attack, might not be adequate to keep Russia out of Western Europe and that it would be necessary to build an integrated force with common supply lines and an international headquarters, the plan that evolved envisaged the defence of Western Europe almost completely in last-war terms—the ninety-six conventional divisions agreed upon at Lisbon in February, 1952. But it had not even begun to be translated into terms of national efforts before it became apparent that the idea was unworkable, for two reasons. In the first place, European Governments, which were then in the throes of economic reconstruction, were reluctant to raise the necessary manpower, even though they got their equipment virtually free from the United States. But, more important, as the United States became more and more committed to a purely retaliatory strategy, it became very hard for European Governments and their publics to see what the point of building such a "shield" of ground forces could be. If the American response to any form of aggression in Europe or elsewhere was to be all-out nuclear war (which was the only inference to be drawn from American policy statements from 1954 until about the middle of 1957), what virtue was there in building up a strong cadre of ground forces? To do so, in fact, was to increase the chances that the nuclear battlefield would be in Europe rather than elsewhere. This confusion was compounded during the early years of the Eisenhower Administration by suggestions that the American contribution to the NATO ground forces on the Central European front was to be regarded as a "trip-wire" or a "plate-glass window," and that its principal value was not to assist in the actual defence of the area, but to provide a *casus belli*, to trigger off the air-power of SAC in the event of any Soviet move against

Western Europe. The "trip-wire" thesis was dead within three years. It was killed by Russia's growing strategic nuclear striking power; and when the British White Papers of 1957 and 1958 tried to revive the conception that a Soviet attack in Europe would be automatically met by massive strategic retaliation, the polite scepticism with which they were greeted in Washington and at SHAPE as well as in the European capitals, showed that it was beyond revival. But the effect of this confusion of ideas was that by 1957, the year that the Soviet Union finally demonstrated its full technical achievements as a military power, NATO had very little in the way of an agreed strategic concept, and for several years had made almost no headway in the building up of conventional forces in the Central Area. It was in these circumstances that General Norstad, the Supreme Commander, started to work out a doctrine that would reconcile the twin facts that experience had made it impossible to evade: namely, that NATO had got off to a very poor start in the development of conventional forces, but that to rely on American thermonuclear power as the chief instrument of defence would rightly create so great a sense of fear in Europe as to lead ultimately to the breakdown of an Alliance which could only be regarded by the Russians as pure bluff.

The compromise that has been worked out is to aim at a relatively small number of divisions (30 as compared to the Lisbon target of 96), but at a high state of readiness, and all of them to be armed eventually with tactical nuclear weapons. This decision was formally taken in 1954; but it has only begun to be translated into reality in the last two years, since Norstad, a military intellectual of considerable stature, assumed command. The arithmetic on which it is based is that there is at present a force of some 21 divisions. There are 5 American, 3 British, 2 French, 2 Dutch, and 7 German, plus 1 Canadian brigade, all of them except the Dutch forces stationed in Germany. When the German forces reach their ceiling of 12 divisions (which is theoretically by April 1961, although it will be a long time thereafter before they are effective fighting units), and if when the other 2 French divisions committed to NATO but "borrowed" for Algeria are returned, the "shield" will have achieved a strength of some 28 divisions. There are about another 10 divisions in the U.S., in England, and in Algeria, which could reinforce these if time permitted. By 1963 the division in Germany, together with some of the Greek,

Turkish, and Italian forces in the Southern Area of NATO, will have been equipped with short-range ground-to-ground missiles whose nuclear warheads will remain under the control of SHAPE (that is, in American hands).

THE function of this force is neither to act as a "trip-wire" nor to attempt to protect every acre of Western Europe, but essentially to provide a limited range of alternatives between Appeasement and Total War. Its functions are threefold. First, in the improbable event of a full-scale attack by the Soviet Union as the precursor to total war, to hold as much of Europe east of the Rhine as possible until Western nuclear retaliation, launched from Britain, North Africa, Spain, and the United States itself, has begun to take effect. Unlikely as the contingency may be, the importance which the Russians attach in all their writings on modern strategy to over-running as much ground as possible so that when the smoke of the thermonuclear exchange clears they hold all the territorial prizes, makes this a function that cannot be disregarded.

The second is to act as a deterrent to minor aggression or diplomatic blackmail, by being in a position to defeat it without recourse to strategic weapons. The fact that the actual contingency is hard to foresee makes it none the less important to be able to meet it swiftly and economically, particularly as the Russians know that the automatic nature of the American commitment to the defence of Europe must be more questionable as the thermonuclear stalemate between the two giants becomes increasingly obvious.

The third function of the "shield" is to create "the pause." This is the vital element of time needed to discover whether an incursion across the Iron Curtain is really the prelude to full Soviet onslaught, or the work of a subordinate army commander or Satellite Government—the pause needed for a considered political decision on both sides to return to negotiations or to move on to full-scale war. In a world in which missiles can cross the Atlantic in thirty minutes, a pause of even twenty-four hours while embroilment is held at the level of ground forces only, might be more precious than a respite of twenty-four days before the air and missile age. And to an alliance this vital element of time is even more precious than to a unitary power.

I think that most people who have had much to do with the problems of the defence of

Europe in recent years would accept this rationale of a strong "shield" force, as the necessary complement to the "sword" of American, and to a lesser extent British, strategic nuclear power. It is the best reconciliation of the concepts of defence and deterrence that is possible, and is a vast improvement over the "trip-wire" thesis which so bedevilled the middle years of NATO's first decade.

BUT the increasingly difficult problem is that of the relation between the "shield" and the use of tactical atomic weapons. In recent years the views put forward by Henry Kissinger in his very widely-read book, *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy* (that it is possible to envisage a limited nuclear war in Europe and right to base NATO's planning upon this eventuality), has come to be accepted by fewer and fewer people, and is officially rejected by Norstad and his advisers. But there remains an unshakeable view on the part of those who make policy—in Washington, in Paris, in Bonn, and in London—that tactical nuclear weapons provide an essential link in the chain of deterrence between, say, the forward infantry on the line of the Elbe and strategic striking power. Obviously there is a sharper psychological difference between conventional and nuclear warfare than between the mildest and the most savage form of conventional warfare. The ability of NATO commanders to initiate tactical nuclear war would, in theory, give a savage jolt to any Soviet commander or Satellite politician who had embarked upon an attack, and would give his superiors in Moscow good cause to ponder the wisdom of letting any such clash become escalated to the level of a strategic nuclear exchange. Nevertheless, a good deal of official reasoning about these weapons now has the air of *post hoc* rationalisation of a decision that is now politically very difficult to reverse.

The decision to reinforce the NATO "shield" with tactical atomic weapons* was taken in 1954,

when they were for the most part only on the scientist's drawing-board, when they appeared to provide a means of plugging the gaps in a "shield" to which Germany had then not even begun to make a contribution.

But in the intervening five years their limitations have become more apparent.

In the first place, it has been said that it is essential that tactical nuclear weapons should be available to the "shield" forces to ensure that any purely conventional Soviet attack, however massive, can be defeated by them in Europe. It is essential to the security of the world that Russia should know this, lest she succumb to the temptation to face the United States, in the age of nuclear parity, with the alternative of initiating strategical reprisal or accepting the over-running of Western Europe. The doubt that has arisen in the minds of many military observers is whether in fact tactical atomic weapons do really confer the decisive advantage on the defender which they were once thought to. It is a complex military argument to which no amount of theoretical exercises can provide a definitive answer. Briefly, the core of it resides in the fact that the commanders of the ground forces in Germany would have very patchy information about the movements and concentrations of the attacking Soviet forces, particularly in view of the latter's decisive local air superiority. They might, therefore, have only very rare or fleeting opportunities to use their tactical atomic weapons in the way in which these confer a decisive advantage, that is in breaking up a concentration of troops and vehicles poised for an attack. A Soviet armoured attack on a wide front, employing, say, 40 divisions and even using no nuclear weapons itself, might well make crippling inroads on the present "shield" forces of 21 divisions despite their use of tactical atomic weapons. It would make strategic reprisal inescapable after all. Thus the Alliance would be faced with the kind of dilemma which these weapons are designed to avert. Equally, their presence in the "shield" forces makes it virtually certain that the Soviet forces in Eastern Germany will also be equipped with them, thus raising the ante in Europe without conferring a decisive advantage on the defender.

A second doubt is whether it would be politically possible to use them in the automatic fashion that General Norstad has often spoken of, to repel any Soviet incursion except a very minor one. The NATO leaders are on record as agreeing that they would thus be used, and in

* Many people, including Mr. Duncan Sandys, deny that there is a valid distinction between tactical and strategic nuclear weapons, and argue that the only distinction is whether they are used against military targets on or near the battlefields, or against more distant and indirect objectives. For the purposes of this argument, I mean the short-range missiles with relatively low-yield warheads, such as Honest John, the atomic artillery shells, and the air-delivered bombs with which the tactical air forces and ground formations will be equipped by the United States during the course of the next four to five years.

theory General Norstad has complete authority to use them. But it is very difficult to foresee the exact circumstances of any particular flare-up; and at the last minute the political leaders of the Alliance might find remarkable force in the consistent Soviet contention that the use of tactical nuclear weapons "would lead straight to global war." Certainly President Eisenhower's Press Conference of 11th March in which he implied that Berlin—and Europe—were indefensible without resort to global war, created little confidence that he had the distinction clear in his own mind. If this authority were withheld for any reason, the "shield" force would have much less defensive power than at present. Much has been talked about "dual purpose" forces, but it will become progressively harder for the NATO units to maintain strong conventional fire-power within their organisation commensurate with the nuclear fire-power with which they are being equipped.

The third problem is that of their ownership and control. The present formula is that the European members of NATO will own the guided missiles, aircraft, or cannon which fire tactical weapons, while the warhead remains in the hands of an American detachment stationed with the unit in question whose orders to load it up or screw it on can come only from the Supreme Commander himself. This theoretically disposes of any Polish or Soviet objections that, say, the Germans are being armed with atomic weapons. But this formula is likely to become progressively more unworkable. The size and yield of these warheads will get smaller, so that they become—like the Davy Crockett mortar with its nuclear bomb of only six tons yield—not the Army or Divisional Commander's weapons, but the Company Commander's. If the tactical weapon is to become of real use tactically (that is, to deny ground to the attacker), the control may have to be devolved to lower and lower levels of authority, with all the dangers of a false decision, and the magnificent opening for Soviet propaganda that this will create.

IN MY own view, tactical atomic weapons should have remained entirely under American control, at least until these very small weapons make their appearance, to make quite clear their rôle as the intermediate buckle between the "shield" and the "sword," rather than as any contribution to the actual defence of Europe. Considered purely as a reserve, they would have considerable value, for they could

inflict costs, not necessarily upon attacking troops but upon their more vulnerable communications, which, if the Russians showed a willingness to accept them, would show the seriousness of their intentions.

Hindsight is a great temptation. It is easy to see why the NATO Commanders, faced in recent years with alarming weakness on the ground, and confused and confusing strategic thinking in Washington and London, placed so much emphasis on tactical nuclear weapons as the only short-term remedy for the actual defence of Europe. But now that their disadvantages have become clearer, now that the mists of the nuclear obsession are beginning to clear from the major NATO capitals, and now that Soviet policy has made it apparent that we must live with a divided Germany for the foreseeable future, the right course would seem to be to place the greatest emphasis not on these new weapons but on the provision of strong and well-equipped conventional divisions in Western Europe.*

For the disparity between Russian and NATO strength in Central Europe has been growing in recent years, not so much in numbers as in fire-power. It is calculated that the 22 Soviet divisions in Eastern Europe have (with a few minor exceptions) been entirely re-equipped with modern tanks, guns, infantry weapons, and vehicles. By contrast, even the 5 American divisions in NATO have a higher percentage of equipment dating either from the last World War or the Korean War, and the case is worse with the British and other units. The Germans have no lack of modern American equipment, but it will be many years before their divisions, with officers and N.C.Os. who are for the most part either too old or too young, have become efficient formations. During the years of "the nuclear obsession," a gap in the design and production of conventional fire-power has been allowed to occur that could prove more insidious for being less dramatised than the American-Soviet "missile gap."

NOR should this problem be conceived merely in terms of war or likely war. It

* This argument does not apply with the same force to the Southern Area where the terrain of the likely Soviet axes of attack from Bulgaria or through Yugoslavia into Northern Italy, Greece, and Turkey would give tactical atomic weapons a considerable value in defence, the more so since the three countries in question are too poor to build up first-class conventional defences, even with American aid.

has a strong bearing on diplomacy. If the pre-summit attempts to evolve an allied negotiating position have shown one thing, it is that the kind of force the West disposes of at present is not of sufficient diplomatic value. Western air, missile, and nuclear strength is largely check-mated. It can have little bearing on a Berlin or a European solution, as President Truman's dispatch of "the bomb" to Britain had on the negotiations to end the Berlin crisis of ten years ago. True, that in terms of overall land-power there can never be anything like equality between the West and Russia, but in certain areas it should be possible to achieve a sufficient balance or parity, so that the lion's share of any reduction in connection with a proposal for "thinning out" or for a zone of limitation, would not fall on the Russians. For instance, the suggestion thrown out by the British Government at one stage this spring for a controlled zone 100 kilometres wide on either side of the Iron Curtain would embrace some 5 NATO divisions and 18 Soviet divisions. A similar zone that included Eastern Russia and the Satellites on the one hand, and Western Europe on the other, would embrace some 56 Soviet divisions and only half that number of NATO divisions with an equivalent disparity in guns, aircraft, and tanks. Given the mystique that land forces have in Soviet eyes, it would be a remarkably liberal régime in Moscow that did business on those terms. Frustrated in the use of other forms of strength for diplomatic purposes, NATO may find that it needs a force of 30 well-equipped divisions, or more than that, to achieve the kind of bargaining position which is one of its principal functions to provide.

Moreover, NATO treads a difficult path (which becomes narrower all the time), between trying to maintain a reasonable equality with the constantly augmenting Soviet military power in Europe and appearing as the aggressive conspiracy—the springboard for American attack—which is the stereotype of every Soviet cartoon of it. Reporting on his talk in Moscow with Khrushchev, Mr. Walter Lippman had this to say:

His talk of what he could do to Germany and Turkey (by intermediate-range missiles), and indeed to England, France, and Spain as well, was meant, to put it in military terms, as his threat of an offensive defensive in case the Soviet Union was attacked by the NATO powers, and principally by the United States. What, then, makes him think that the NATO powers might attack the Soviet Union? His answer, if I may put it in my

own words, is that if the United States finds that it is going to lose the Cold War, it is likely to resort to a Hot War. . . . They are, like most men, self-centred, and they cannot believe that we really think they will commit military aggression when they themselves are so sure they must avoid a war. So when we talk about defensive armaments they think we are deceiving them. . . *

There is every diplomatic advantage to the West in trying to build up a better balance of strength with Russia in certain key areas. There is none in appearing as an aggressive Alliance. But, unfortunately, doubts that have grown up in Europe since Sputnik about the validity of the American commitment to the defence of Europe when America herself becomes (at least theoretically) exposed to direct Soviet attack have made some governments anxious to have the means of strategic deterrence and reprisal against Russia itself—the intermediate-range missile—in their own hands. The danger is that, unless there is a much firmer American hand at the helm than at present, nuclear weapons may become more and more widely diffused throughout the Alliance, in order to provide America's allies with the necessary sense of security—a series of local deterrents instead of a genuine system of defence—which will in turn give real substance to Soviet fears.

This leads back to the thorniest problem of all—the interconnection between the military organisation of NATO and its political leadership.

NATO was founded ten years ago largely under the inspiration of a strong and determined American Government, in association with eleven other nations whose leaders (Ernest Bevin, Lester Pearson, Robert Schuman, Count Sforza) were courageous enough men, but whose countries were economically weak and militarily almost helpless. To-day, the United States is not the unquestioned leader of the Alliance, though its growth in military and economic power has been relatively greater than its allies. The Berlin crisis has shown that the Alliance has become more like one of the conventional coalitions of history with a high degree of negative equality among its leading members. The United Kingdom now possesses the power to commit the Alliance to nuclear war (though as the failure of the Macmillan initiative has also shown, she lacks the ability to fill a vacuum in American leadership). Germany can deny her allies a negotiated settlement in Europe, were there the

* *The Communist World and Ours*. By WALTER LIPPMANN. London: Hamish Hamilton. 6s.

basis for one at present. France, as de Gaulle is keen to make clear, could bring the whole military planning of NATO to a standstill. Her allies may be forgiven for treating France, during the years of the Fourth Republic, largely as a piece of real-estate across which fuel pipelines and air routes ran, rather than as a sovereign country. But the attitude of the President of the Fifth, with his slogan of "co-operation not integration," and his desire to be done with all forms of international planning (except in the interests of France), are a reminder of the integral position which France occupies in the whole structure of the Alliance, and the harm she could do to it if she chose.

THERE is a law that is far older than Parkinson that institutions tend to lose their vitality when they move from temporary to permanent buildings.

This year's emigration of the NATO Secretariat from the fire-trap beneath the Palais de Chaillot to a glittering and durable building near the Place Dauphine could hold a warning for the future. For the core of NATO's own problem over the second decade of its existence is how to reconcile the need for an increasing centralisation of military planning, to overcome the gap in conventional strength and equipment, to provide an adequate air defence system for Europe, to maintain tactical nuclear weapons and intermediate-range missiles as a second line of deterrence without heightening tension by their widespread distribution, within a political alliance which is now dominated not by one but by four powers, three of them nuclear powers, each with a strong veto power over the others.

But the key to the future of NATO lies in Washington, not in Paris, in London, or in

Bonn. If her allies become either sceptical about the integrity of the American commitment to Europe or (conversely) discouraged by American hypnosis with the arms race and the militarisation of American diplomacy, then NATO is likely to become at best merely a series of regional groups held together by the somewhat tenuous ideal of "an Atlantic Community." If the new Bonn-Paris axis were to be carried to the point of putting German technical skill at the service of the French nuclear weapon industry, de Gaulle's nostalgia for a purely European defence arrangement might well gather impetus. Britain, with her own nuclear deterrent a proven fact, yet rebuffed by continental Europe, might be tempted to withdraw into a new form of "splendid isolation"; while the Scandinavian members of NATO might become neutral in fact if not in name. America and Canada would legitimately feel a decreasing responsibility for Europe, the more so as they have complex problems of the defence of North America on their own hands. In an era in which every military consideration calls for an increasing degree of interdependence and specialisation between countries if the immense problems of providing an adequate counterpoise to the diversity of Soviet power (not merely in Europe but in the Middle East as well) are to be overcome, the consequence would be a sad loss of strength to the West as a whole.

It seems to me that only a strong American President, imaginative in diplomacy, clear-headed in his military aims, can free the alliance of the paralysis that overemphasis on strategic retaliation has created and draw together the threads that are clearly growing slack. It is perhaps unfair to throw the ball to a man who is as yet anonymous. But there are no other hands strong enough to grasp it.

—Boom!—

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Christopher Middleton

At Porthcothan

A speck of dark at low tide on the tideline,
It could not be identified as any known thing
Until, as one approached, a neck was clear
(And it is agreed that logs, or cans, are neckless),
And then a body, over which the neck stood
Curved like a questionmark, emerged
As oval, and the whole shape was crouching
Helpless in a small pool the sea had left.

The oval body, with green sheen as of pollen
Shading off into the black plumage, and the neck
Surmounted by the tiny wide-eyed head,
Were not without beauty. The head was moving,
So like a cobra it seemed rash to offer
An introductory finger to the long hooked bill
That stabbed at air. Danger had so
Sharpened what intelligence the bird possessed
It seemed to pierce the mind of the observer.
In fact we were afraid, yes afraid of each other.

Finally though I picked it up and took it
To a quiet side-bay where dogs were rarer.
Here the shag sat, happy in the sun,
Perched on a slab of rock where a pool was
In which I caught five fish for it
With a pocketknife, a handkerchief
And a plunging forefinger. But at six o'clock
It left the rock and waddled off seaward.

Though breakers came in high and curling
It straddled them, bouncing, buoyant,
Borne along the sealine sideways, with head up,
Slithering across the bay's whole width, and then
Drifted ashore again, to scuttle flapping
With webbed feet flat like a Saturday banker's

To shelter on a level rock. Here it studied,
 With the air of one of whom something is expected,
 The turbulent Atlantic slowly rising.
 What could I do but leave it meditating?

Early next morning on the bay's north side
 I found it cuddled under the cliff; the tide
 Was low again. What hungry darkness
 Had driven so the dark young shag to shelter?
 It did not resist when I picked it up.
 Something had squeezed the cobra out of it.

I took it to a cave where the sun shone in,
 Then caught two fish. It opened one green eye,
 And then another. But though I cut
 The fish into portions, presenting these
 To the bill's hooked tip, it only shook its head.
 Noon came. The shag slept in the cave. At two
 I hurried back. The shag was stone dead,
 With its fine glossy head laid back a little
 Over the left shoulder, and a few flies
 Were pestering its throat and the fish scraps
 Now unlikely to get eaten.

Ten minutes perhaps
 I sat there, then carried it up the cliff path
 And across the headland to a neighbouring cove
 Where oystercatchers and hawks flew and far
 Far below in loose heaps small timber lay, tickled
 By a thin finger of sea. There I flung the shag,
 For in some such place, I thought,
 Such bodies best belong, far from bathers, among
 The elements that compose and decompose them,
 Unconscious, strange to freedom, but perceptible
 Through narrow slits that score the skin of things.

Or perhaps (for I could not see the body falling)
 A hand rose out of air and plucked the corpse
 From its arc and took it, warm still,
 To some safer place and concealed it there,
 Quite unobtrusively, but sure, but sure.

Northcliffe

AMONG the most formative influences in the first decades of this century was unquestionably that of Alfred Harmsworth, better known as Lord Northcliffe. He was the originator of the popular Press as we know it to-day. Its method of promotion and news presentation (though, of course, projected far since his time) were initiated by him. "A pound a week for life," offered by his first publication, *Answers*, was the parent of innumerable magazine and newspaper competitions. The small paragraph and the large headline; the half-tone block and the short, informative feature article; the use of new methods of communication like the telegraph and the telephone to accelerate the arrival and heighten the impact of news—in such ways as these, he was a pioneer.

He was also an extraordinarily complex, enigmatic, and incalculable man. His power was enormous, both through his publications and the large financial resources they procured for him. Yet he felt himself frustrated. He was bewildered, both by his own success, and by his inability to get more out of it. His end, at a comparatively early age, was one of those tragic situations which invite shallow moralising and noisy rhetoric.

Owing to the oddity of Northcliffe's character and behaviour, and the tragic and mysterious circumstances in which he died, no official biography of him has hitherto been produced. There have, of course, been books about him by old associates like Tom Clarke and Hamilton Fyfe—for the most part legendary, gossipy, and more concerned to demonstrate their authors' intimacy with Northcliffe than to provide an objective study of him. And, of course, there are innumerable references to, and observations about him in memoirs like Wickham Steed's, while the recently published last two volumes of *The*

History of the Times deal at length, though by no means always objectively, with Northcliffe's bizarre and unrewarding incursion into Printing House Square.

Now, at last, there has been published a full-length biography,* whose authors (Reginald Pound and Geoffrey Harmsworth) have had access to the family papers. Mr. Pound is a journalist of repute, and the author of an interesting volume on Arnold Bennett. Mr. Harmsworth is a nephew of Northcliffe's, and has, presumably, held a watching brief for the family, whose present affluence and eminence derive from their great ancestor.

It would be pleasant to be able to record that, thanks to Messrs. Pound and Harmsworth, the Northcliffe story we have all been waiting for has at last been told. Alas, this is not so. Their large volume (884 pages) is, in many respects, highly unsatisfactory. It devotes far more space to Northcliffe's public activities, which were mostly silly, than to those in the field of popular journalism, where he showed himself to be a unique genius. His brilliant and enduring innovations, the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Mirror*, are summarily disposed of; his unremitting, but for the most part ineffectual, efforts to use the control he acquired over the *Times* in 1908 to make those dead bones live, are described in great, and sometimes tedious, detail. The fact is, I fear, that Messrs. Pound and Harmsworth are concerned to present Northcliffe as his descendants would like him to have been rather than as he really was. Journalistically speaking, he was too good for the *Times*, not *vice versa*. Such influence as he was able to exert on this, then as now, solemnly sycophantic newspaper, was wholly beneficial. Had it been greater, we might

* *Northcliffe*. By REGINALD POUND and GEOFFREY HARMSWORTH. Cassell. 42s. (Publ. June 25.)

have been spared the spectacle of Geoffrey Dawson, when he resumed the editorial chair after Northcliffe's death, boasting that he laboured nightly to keep out of the paper anything which might distress the Nazis—probably the lowest point ever touched by journalism anywhere.

NORTHCLIFFE's early success has often been recounted. He grasped, while in his 'teens, the great journalistic possibilities provided by the newly literate products of state elementary schools. The idealists and eggheads who promoted compulsory public education believed that thereby they would bring about an enlightened and sagacious democracy. They expected education to be the corrective and fulfilment of an ever-expanding electorate. Successive Education Bills would take the sting out of successive Reform Bills. Voters able to read and write would exercise the franchise with discretion, avoiding alike the pitfalls of revolutionary ardour and the stratagems of designing, self-interested politicians. How illusory these hopes have proved, our present condition abundantly testifies. Northcliffe's appreciation was far shrewder. He saw, resulting from public education, not a citizenry after the hearts of Sidney and Beatrice Webb, but an immense curiosity about everyone and everything. He abundantly shared this curiosity, and so was excellently fitted to satisfy it. It was a wave on whose crest he rose to wealth and influence.

His own education had been decidedly sketchy. The Harmsworths were a large family; the father a drunken, indigent barrister, the mother a tough, sharp-tongued woman of Scottish descent. Alfred was the eldest, and soon had to fend for himself. It had been said that the occasion of his leaving home was a scrape with a servant girl, by whom he had a son, and that he was subsequently generous and kind to both mother and child. If so, it was to his credit. Messrs. Pound and Harmsworth do not deal with such matters, which is a pity.

They do, however, provide an excellent account of Northcliffe's first struggles to get going in journalism, so soon crowned with fabulous success. While still in his twenties he was a millionaire, as, before long, were three of his brothers who joined him in his enterprises. His flair was truly remarkable. He and his brothers (as his biographers justly observe) "devised and produced a stream of publications which, by intellectual standards, fell far short of their opportunity to shape the future, while

having an undoubted influence upon it. Alfred Harmsworth was not an architect of the new democracy. He was one of its master-builders..." He seemed to know by instinct what his fellows were interested in, what they wanted and hoped of life, how they saw the future. All this he spread before them in printed words, in large and small type, later in pictures. They were duly grateful, and eagerly bought his publications.

In consequence, while still a young man, he found himself in control of an enormous publishing empire—magazines, encyclopædias, morning, evening, and Sunday newspapers, every variety of publication. He had no philosophy of life, though he adhered ostensibly to the conventionalities of Anglican Christianity. Politically, he swam with the late-Victorian tide of Kiplingesque imperialism. His tastes in furniture, pictures, books, and plays, were likewise conventionally of the period. In a sense, he had nothing to say; only a massive apparatus for saying it. His mind was full of questions, which he answered on behalf of his millions of readers. In this, he was a true child of the age—the first and greatest of all quiz-kids; curious without wonderment; his mind, like a turbine, ever turning and generating power, but to no end. Motor cars and aeroplanes!—how wonderful! Men will move faster. Telephones, telegrams, typewriters!—how wonderful! Men will be able to communicate more easily and quickly. He saw the point before anyone else. He was a jump ahead. But move where to? Communicate what? He did not know, or, probably, care.

Our authors take us to this stage in his career with skill and acumen. We are at page 246. Thenceforth, through the remaining 638 pages, we sink deeper and deeper into a morass of letters, memoranda, journeys, public activities like the mission to America in the 1914-18 War, half-baked political intrigues, all designed to endow Northcliffe with Top Person status. He himself is almost lost to view. He is a shadowy figure, dictating, bullying, cajoling, consorting with the great, moving restlessly from one of his houses to another, complaining of overwork, and, increasingly, of ill-health. Yet it is precisely at this point, when his publishing enterprises are all assured of success, when money is rolling in to the tune of some £200,000 a year, when his company and support are assiduously sought, that we want to know more about him. Unfortunately, our curiosity remains largely unassuaged. Harmsworth is lost in the glamour of

being Northcliffe. The superb journalist who will loom so large in social histories of his time disappears almost without trace, leaving behind a fussy, hypochondriacal and rather futile V.I.P.

His adventures with the *Times* form an uproarious tale in themselves. In 1909 the paper (always, by its own mandarins, and, ultimately, by Northcliffe, referred to as "the Paper," with a capital "P"), was in a bad way. Its circulation was slipping, its revenue was declining. Only the self-importance of those who produced it remained high. Northcliffe was able to negotiate a clandestine deal, in the person of Mr. X., whereby he acquired a controlling interest in it, with the proviso that editorial authority should continue to reside in Printing House Square. Given his character, and the immense self-satisfaction of the *Times* staff, it was a preposterous arrangement. He was determined to torment them; they were as determined to resist his assaults. To them, being under the same ostensible management as the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Mirror* was as distasteful as it was unbecoming. It was as though Fortnum & Mason should become a branch of Woolworths. As the *History of the Times* ineffably puts it:

The quality of the *Times* could only be guaranteed by men whose ability earned them the responsibility of organising it. Such men were not induced to enter the office by the mere suggestion of a salary, or to remain in it by the prospect of an increase. This was what Northcliffe did not understand; this was why he failed to make the best of his opportunity at Printing House Square. He did not learn the lesson that in the office of the *Times* personal power, whether of the Proprietor or the Editor, must be limited. The quality that gave the paper its distinction was not conferred by one man, it was the contribution of a society. To understand this, it was necessary to have been a member of it, which he never was. Those who had this advantage stood firm against him.

It is, of course, the *History's* assumption that acquiring control of the *Times* was, for Northcliffe, the climax of his career; that he was dazzled, humbled, and even disconcerted, that such greatness should come to him—a greatness quite overshadowing his achievement in actually inventing periodicals and newspapers which went into the homes, reached the minds and inner consciousness, of millions of people; which spoke to them in an idiom more alive, more vivid, more actual than the dreary wastes of print daily assembled in Printing House Square

by, and for, a governing class. Northcliffe's biographers, rightly, question this assumption.

The fact is that Northcliffe was in two minds about the *Times*. There was a shrewd, radical side of him which made him distrustful of, and impatient with, the (as he aptly called them) "Black Friars" who brought it out. At the same time, he held them in a certain awe. It has to be admitted that, in the end, they got him down. He might fire them, replace them, bully them, insult them; but still, somehow, they were there. Fortified by their unshakeable complacency, they proved indestructible. After Buckle, Dawson; after Dawson, Steed. In this strange version of the class war, Northcliffe was the loser. He might make them, against their wishes, call him "the Chief"; he might instruct his Managing Director, Campbell Stuart, to administer a kicking to the "editorial troglodytes of Printing House Square" in the form of a highly offensive epistle read out to the assembled staff. It was all unavailing. The English upper classes have great staying power. Printing House Square is one of their citadels. It was besieged and sorely pressed, but it did not surrender.

What is more, the lesson was learnt. To avert any repetition of their harrowing experience, after Northcliffe's death a Trust was established "to ensure, so far as is humanly possible, that the ownership of the *Times* shall never be regarded as a mere matter of commerce to be transferred without regard to any other circumstance to the highest bidder, or fall, so far as can be foreseen, into unworthy hands." The current worthy hands are one of the numerous Lord Astors and Mr. John Walter, with Sir William Haley in the editorial chair. As for the members of the Trust—they are the Governor of the Bank of England, the Warden of All Souls, and three other equally impeccable figures. They may certainly be relied on to hold at bay any subsequent Lord Northcliffe, though whether the total impartiality of their nominees will be assured is more questionable. Such an arrangement is calculated rather to safeguard orthodoxy than freedom, and would seem to be more in the vein of *Pravda* than of the *Areopagitica*.

How much more interesting is a real man, however imperfect, than a stuffed shirt, however well-laundered! How enthralling is truth, what actually happened! How tedious the legends fabricated to mist over its surface! Of Northcliffe, the man, as distinct from the stuffed

shirt, his biographers vouchsafe us only occasional, fitful glimpses. His life was taken up, if they are to be believed, either with interminable dictation and telephoning, or with mooning listlessly about, oppressed by melancholia, and engaged, in Johnson's words, in a faint struggle with the tedium of time. Somewhere, there was a real man; somewhere, an actual life. All that can be done with the lavish offering of Messrs. Pound and Harmsworth is to mine it for small nuggets.

Northcliffe was short in stature, and given to plumpness—a tendency against which he valiantly struggled. He was unusually handsome, and cultivated an alleged resemblance to Napoleon, whose vulgarity and superficiality have had so baleful a posthumous influence. Probably, he chose Northcliffe for his title in order to be able to use the initial "N." He married early a lady who, by universal consent, was a charming and elegant hostess. There were no children, and, one would suppose, no very great intimacy. Northcliffe's passionate affection appears to have been reserved for his mother, who outlived him, and upon whom he unsparingly lavished money and adoration. His letters and telegrams to her, sent almost daily, are more like an adolescent lover's than a grown-up son's. They abound in sentimentalities—"If you ask me if I am happy, darling Mother, I can say that I really am. But I miss you every moment of the day and whenever I wake at night." Or: "The sweet Mother's days are shortening. Every hour I spend with her is golden to me, and, I believe, to her. I go out to Totteridge often after sixteen hours' work, when I would much prefer to sleep in London, and I want to see Mother and Mother only." The latter was written shortly before he died. A small devotional volume which his mother gave him he kept constantly with him, and was buried holding it in his hand. How far Mrs. Harmsworth responded to this adoration is not indicated. It might even have been embarrassing. Her influence over him was decisive, in professional as well as personal matters. He submitted to her, before publishing it, his famous article attacking Kitchener when he was Secretary of State for War—which led to the *Daily Mail* being publicly burnt, and to a considerable, though temporary, drop in circulation. Their relationship was, to put it mildly, unusual, and would, no doubt, provide a theme for psycho-analysts. It suggests an unsatisfied hunger for affection, some basic insecurity beneath the outward façade of

abounding self-confidence and energetic purpose.

It would be quite absurd to suppose that Northcliffe had no relationships with other women than his wife and his mother. He was a man of strong passions and normal appetites, which, given his circumstances, could easily and conveniently be satisfied. Numerous rumours have inevitably circulated. The name, for instance, of a Mrs. Wrohan has been mentioned, who, allegedly, bore him three children. Litigation connected with his will (of which his biographers provide no details) served to encourage such rumours. Messrs. Pound and Harmsworth would have served his memory better by dealing frankly and sensibly with this side of his life and character. After all, the Victorian pretence that we all live virtuously and monogamously has long been relinquished. No sensible person would think any the worse of Northcliffe because, like Dickens (for whom, incidentally, he had a great admiration), he upheld conventional standards of morality in his publications without scrupulously observing them in his personal conduct. His publications were not intended to shape, but to reflect, contemporary manners. Surely he deserves the compliment of assuming that his moral standards were not, like his income, derived from the Amalgamated Press.

His treatment of his associates and employees was generous, wilful, and sometimes sadistic. There was an unfortunate Lewis Rose MacLeod, literary editor of the *Daily Mail*, who was the subject of one of his innumerable memoranda—"This is the last occasion on which I can tolerate MacLeod's gross neglect and carelessness. He will read this message out to the editorial conference on Monday." On the other hand, many acts of charming consideration and generosity are recorded. Often he repented of his outbursts of temper, and apologised for them. He raised the whole status and rate of remuneration of journalists and printers, and was from the beginning strongly on the side of the National Union of Journalists. As he grew older and iller and madder, his moods, and sudden likes and dislikes, became more incalculable. Also, he became avid for praise—that last infirmity of Noble Press Lords. It is difficult to believe that a leader-writer on the *Times* named Wilson was being entirely sincere when he wrote to Northcliffe, to dissuade him from going to his house, Elmwood, after a German destroyer had fired some shells which fell near it: "The Germans know perfectly well that you are the soul and

heart of this war, and that if you were out of the way the various puppets now in office would probably run and make peace." This was in 1917.

NORTHCLIFFE, by the nature of things, had no friends. He was a lonely, puzzled man, surrounded by telephones, and often by toadies. There was no relaxation for him in intellectual pursuits, for he had none. The serenity which can sometimes be achieved, at any rate momentarily, by an escape through the imagination from mortal affairs, was denied him. He was inextricably caught up in mortal affairs. This was his trade. Not even humour, that blessed solvent of the dilemma of living between earth and sky, came to his aid. His sense of humour, his biographers indicate, did not reach much beyond two Edison Bell phonograph records, one of sneezing, the other of snoring. These, he played constantly, laughing inordinately at them.

Nor could Northcliffe's melancholy be assuaged by luxurious or pretentious living, for which he had little taste. He was much too unusual a man to find enduring satisfaction in his own success and social advancement. Social and ceremonial occasions easily bored him; his snobbishness was naïve rather than mystical. Indeed, his ostensible incorporation in the upper classes seems often to have been a source of irritation and unease to him. "When I want a peerage I will pay for it like an honest man," the *History of the Times* quotes him as saying. His biographers indignantly repudiate this, to me, rather endearing observation, and suggest that he was ennobled for merit rather than for cash. In the light of disclosures about the sale of honours up to, and including, Lloyd George's premiership, it is difficult to agree with them. The five eldest Harmsworth brothers totted up, between them, four baronetcies, three baronies, two viscountcies, and one Privy Counsellorship.

Northcliffe's basic dissatisfaction, it seems to me, derived from his inability to exercise effectively the power he felt he had. Politicians like Lloyd George were afraid of him, certainly, and went to great, if not improper, lengths to conciliate him. A place in the Cabinet would have been available for him if he had wanted it—which he did not. His own underlings gave him the illusion of having unlimited authority. They were his *Grande Armée*—but one, as he was forced to recognise in his more lucid moments, composed wholly of mercenaries. He

could attack, and even bring Ministers down, as he did Haldane and Kitchener. He could play an important rôle in getting rid of a Prime Minister, as he did when Lloyd George replaced Asquith. Yet all this was not enough. He wanted to make himself felt in a more personal and direct way. He wanted to be able to manipulate his millions of readers as well as provide them with entertainment and instruction—even if only to the extent of persuading them to wear a particular kind of hat, and to eat a particular kind of bread. It was his fate, as it is the fate of all megalomaniac newspaper proprietors, to thrive only by sailing with the wind. The moment he set his sails against the wind, they collapsed. He could express, but not shape, his readers' aspirations. If he plunged after the reflected image of his power, he could only drown.

It is to Northcliffe's credit that this tantalising situation drove him mad, or, at any rate, contributed to an incipient tendency towards madness. His only surviving equivalent, Lord Beaverbrook, remains abysmally and tediously sane. Increasingly, he stayed away from his offices; spent long, brooding months in the country, when he complained of overwork without, seemingly, being much occupied; travelled restlessly, occasionally surfacing to issue dire threats to Fleetway House, to Carmelite House, to Printing House Square, almost in the manner of Lear: "*I will do such things—what they are, yet I know not; but they shall be the terrors of the earth.*" Long before the final collapse, his life was obviously disintegrating. His face, in photographs of him, is ever more mournful, bashed in, sagging—like a punch-drunk boxer's.

NORTHCLIFFE's end deserves a volume to itself, or, better, a Shakespearean treatment. It has about it that fearful moral symmetry out of which great tragedy and great comedy are alike derived. Long before his final collapse, his occasional bouts of eccentric behaviour (for instance, in making the doorman at the *Daily Mail* office responsible for supervising all advertising copy) had raised doubts about his mental equilibrium. His eyes troubled him, and he suffered from sleeplessness and depression. An operation on his throat cured a specific ailment, but brought about no more than a temporary improvement in his general condition.

The climax came when he decided, in 1922, to visit Germany. He drove in his blue Rolls-Royce to Brussels, having arranged to be met by

another car at the Belgian frontier. "If," he wrote to the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army on the Rhine, General Sir Alexander Godley, "nobody talks or wires or whispers, I'm not in the least afraid." Though it is clearly crazy, it has a kind of sense, and even poetry. This is noticeable in many of the ceaseless flow of lunatic and incoherent messages which he poured out, until, at last, the means of sending messages was denied him. To the *Times* parliamentary correspondent he telegraphed, at urgent rates: "REPORTER HERE FROM LONDON SAYS YOU SWAGGER UP AND DOWN FLEET STREET IN A TALL HAT. I HOPE THAT HORRIBLE STATEMENT IS NOT TRUE. TALL HATS ARE NOW FOR UNDERTAKERS ONLY, NOT FOR MEMBERS OF MY NEWSPAPERS EXCEPT ON SPECIAL OCCASIONS." Again, it is crazy, but one sees what he was getting at. To his secretary, H. G. Price, he telegraphed: "FOR GOD'S SAKE, GIVE YOUR DIRTY GREY SUIT AWAY." The foolishness of man is the wisdom of God, Blake wrote. It may be that Northcliffe's lunatic utterances were, after all, more penetrating than all the millions and millions of words which came off his presses. None of his communications to his mother, however, had this surrealist flavour. They were consistently sane, and aimed only at reassuring her about his condition. On the single occasion that she saw him after his collapse, she asked anxiously: "Is it his head?"

On the way to Brussels he got out of the car and practised revolver shooting. He was obsessed with the idea that the Germans were after him, that he had been recognised and insulted, and finally, when he fell ill, that he had been poisoned. Another symptom of his dementia was, as with George III, incessant talking. Wickham Steed had to endure a good deal of this, perhaps deservedly. The most touching manifestation, to me, of Northcliffe's condition, is an extract quoted by his biographers from a long, rambling letter to Sir Robert Hudson, who subsequently married his widow:

You have with you the most distinguished medical man in the world (Sir Frederick Treves). Will you kindly ask his opinion as to my sanity? I have begun to have doubts whether it is too little work and too much money, or whether it is simply decay of my faculties; I do not know, but I think I am going mad. Please wire me at once to relieve my suspicions.

Northcliffe's biographers are concerned to prove that he was never certifiably insane. They challenge the statement in the *History of the Times*, and in Wickham Steed's memoirs, that

he was certified by a neurologist in Evian. They also refute the persistently held belief, likewise lent some verisimilitude by the *History* and Steed, that he was suffering from general paralysis of the insane resulting from a venereal infection. They quote one of his doctors, Horder ("one of George's bloody knights," was how Northcliffe described him), that a Wassermann test was applied and produced a negative result. It does not seem to me to matter much either way. As Messrs. Pound and Harmsworth abundantly show, for whatever reason, and to whatever degree, his wits had cracked. That perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart had brought him down. On his way from Evian to Paris, to entrain there for London, he ordered his chauffeur to stop the car, and begged to be allowed to "lie by the roadside and die." In the train he "was seen standing alone in the corridor of the coach, gazing angrily out of the window. His finger-tips were pressed white against the glass."

In London he was taken to his house at 1 Carlton Gardens. The *Times* (which, during this period of dementia he referred to as "the old one"), ever prudent, put a guard on the door for fear that he might somehow make his way to Printing House Square, and carry out his often repeated threat to fire everyone and take over the editorship himself. Actually, they need not have worried. He was now under restraint, and deprived even of the telephone. He managed, nonetheless, to get one call through to the *Daily Mail* because he remembered that his wife had a private line to her boudoir. According to Oscar Pulvermacher, who took the call, "his voice was hardly audible. He wished to give me instructions designed to remove him from captivity, poor man." I find it fascinating that his brothers toyed with the idea of offering a large cash prize (£25,000) for a cure of Northcliffe. This was what had made *Answers*, and might perhaps save him. He was finally transferred to a revolving shelter on the roof, and there "showed pleasure at seeing the twin towers of Westminster Abbey across St. James's Park." The only disturbance "was the sound of the rain falling on the shelter roof." Thus situated, he died on 14th August, 1922, at the age of fifty-seven.

It seems ungracious not to be more grateful to Messrs. Pound and Harmsworth for the strenuous work and research they must have put into their massive biography. Doubtless, whatever limitations they laboured under were

unavoidable. Yet it has to be admitted that they leave the enigma of Northcliffe largely unresolved. He was so fantastically successful, and yet such a failure. He sensed so much, and understood so little. He exerted himself so furiously, but with so little sense of direction or purpose—as Mikhailovitch said of himself at his

trial, “a leaf caught up in the winds of history”; tossed this way and that, and deposited at last on the roof of Carlton Gardens. What he wanted, he got. And when he got it, did not want it. I think of him fretting and fuming, with all those presses pounding away like a heartbeat—his heartbeat.

Historian

As if the eye and the head
Were an underworld, all the dead
Come to garrulous quarters there,
Dignifying at a live ear

What befell. Each (his pride,
His downright lying vanity being
Disembodied from any twice-doing
That could prove, as from blood

That could blush) can brag
The decisive random of chance
Was concealed skill of his choice, license
Word breathed into a wig

To raze like Attila. Back and forth,
Vociferous as when they lived,
Infuriated still to be braved
Each by the rest, they protest their worth

And winnings of this world. Their graves
Have devoured tenure; perhaps something
Grafted to a warm bone's darkness lives
Of their effort, but to bring

Them to claim, still, clear gains
On times and bodies they have long lost
Takes a frivolous advocate. Or a live brain's
Envyng to master and last.

Ted Hughes

No Rest for Ulysses

From Homer to Kazantzakis — By W. B. STANFORD

PROBABLY no European poem has been more often plundered by writers in search of material than Homer's *Odyssey*. Within the last ten years there have been more than twenty notable—but perhaps not durable—new portraits of Ulysses. Now another new publication* offers English readers a translation of the longest poem ever written about him, almost three times as long as the original *Odyssey*—33,333 lines to 12,110—rivalled in size and scope only by Joyce's *Ulysses*. Like Joyce, Kazantzakis had made himself familiar with earlier literature about Ulysses, from Homer to Tennyson. It may, then, be worth while to glance at some of his predecessors in the tradition before considering his challenging version.

There was probably an Odysseus before Homer. The fact that we find two quite different names, Odysseus and Ulysses, in early tradition suggests that originally there were two distinct figures, which Homer or an earlier writer combined into one. Homer hints at this in the curious ancestry he gives his hero. Odysseus' father was the respectable and conventional King of Ithaca, Laertes, grandson of Zeus. But his mother, Anticleia, was the daughter of that raffish figure who deviously caught Shakespeare's imagination over two thousand years later, Autolycus, a cattle-thief and professional trickster from Parnassus. Homer might have told us more about him and his peculiar sons (who had the gift of blood-staunching by incantations). At any rate, he presumably did not mention him just to add to the *Odyssey's* gallery of rascals and villains. He wanted to tell us something essential about the heredity of Odysseus—that he was half hero and half rogue.

* *The Odyssey: a Modern Sequel*. By NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS. Translated with introduction and notes by Kimon Friar. Illustrations by Ghika. Secker & Warburg. 50s.

Homer keeps the crafty side of Odysseus almost entirely out of the more conventional *Iliad*. In the *Odyssey*, on the other hand, almost every incident demands cunning. But occasionally even in the *Iliad* we can catch glimpses of an Autolycean influence both in Odysseus's own actions and in the attitude of the pure-blooded heroes, as when Agamemnon calls him "arch-trickster, crafty-hearted one," half in earnest and half in jest. Elsewhere, too, in the *Iliad* there are signs that the more conventional heroes felt in Odysseus a strangeness not to be found in any other Greek or Trojan prince. James Joyce brilliantly translated this into modern terms by making his Ulysses a Jew among conventional Dubliners.

In terms of modern criticism what Homer, or a predecessor, apparently did was to combine a folklore figure, Ulysses the Wily Lad, with an epic figure, Odysseus, prince of the Greek Western Isles (and therefore a practical seaman). It was as if a modern writer were to combine Tyl Eulenspiegel with Sir Francis Drake. But while a modern writer would probably emphasise the psychological tensions and perplexities in a half-breed of this kind, Homer concentrates on portraying the complex and fascinating results of the miscegenation. He emphasises, as most classical Greek poets do, the synthesis, not the antithesis. The result is the Iliadic and Odyssean Odysseus, the versatile, alert, resourceful, cunning hero of battles, councils, and wanderings—"the polytropic man" as Homer names him in the first line of the *Odyssey*.

Scholars who rejoice in reducing Homer to the measure of their own minds have invented another kind of duality in the Homeric Odysseus. They find a fundamental difference between the Iliadic figure and the Odyssean. What they fail to see is that the differences are

in his environment, not in his personality. One might as well argue that the Dante of the *Inferno* is fundamentally different from the Dante of the *Paradiso*. What could be more satisfying for a creative writer who has invented, or adopted, a supremely adaptable hero than to present him in three strongly contrasting environments—the conventional Greek High Command at Troy, the fantastic fairyland of ogres, witches, and wizards of the Odyssean wanderings, and the domestic setting of his native island? Homer in fact is depicting the unending struggle between man and his environment; man at work, man abroad, man at home. Further I believe—though perhaps some would not agree with me here—that Homer, especially in the *Iliad*, is describing, in terms of people not of abstractions, a profound social development. Undoubtedly Odysseus, with his mixed heredity, his adaptability and cleverness, his gift of being, like St. Paul, “all things to all men,” contrasts at times with the more old-fashioned heroes of the high Mycenaean tradition. But Agamemnon was murdered by his wife; Achilles died in battle; Ajax killed himself. Odysseus lived to return to normal life under Athena’s protection. Homer admires the old-style heroes; but he knows that what matters most is life itself. He respects the inflexible princely code of honour; but he sees that the future depends on resource-

fulness and imagination. Agamemnon and his peers look back to the Mycenaean past; Odysseus looks forward to the age of Greek enterprise, to Themistocles and Anaxagoras, Aristotle and Alexander. In this the Odysseus of Homer, like the Ulysses of the later tradition is, as Joyce put it, “The Greekest of the Greeks.”

CLEARLY so adaptable a figure as this offered great potentialities for development. Writers of smaller scope or art than Homer could seize on one particular aspect and expand it. Homer gave Odysseus superb gifts of oratory and counsel: Sophocles in *Ajax* and *Philoctetes*, Euripides in *Trojan Women* and *Hecuba*, Racine in *Iphigénie*, Gide in *Philoctète*, Giraudoux in *La guerre de Troie n'aura pas lieu*, and dozens of others, exploit this talent, some presenting him as an enlightened statesman, others as a machiavellian *politique*. A few, like Shakespeare in *Troilus and Cressida*, preserve the ethical many-sidedness of the Homeric hero in a single portrait, or else like Sophocles present him in one play as a hero and in another as a villain. Homer showed him as a dauntless seaman: Dante reproduced this adventurous, exploratory spirit in a magnificent scene in *Inferno*, xxvi; Tennyson added qualities from both Byron and the Elizabethan sea-dogs; D'Annunzio conflated him with Julius Caesar and produced a sky's-the-limit fascist empire-builder. And now Kazantkakis sends him wandering across Africa and the ocean to die at the South Pole. Homer told how Odysseus was loved in exotic lands by Circe and Calypso; modern romanticists, generally ignoring Penelope, have made him into a second Don Juan: Rider Haggard in *The World's Desire* sending him to Egypt in search of another She; Pascoli in *L'Ultimo Viaggio* transforming his love for Calypso into a compulsive desire to be absorbed into the Infinite; Eyvind Johnson in his *Strändernas Svall* reducing him to a worn-out eroticist. Only Joyce among the more notable contributors to the Ulysses theme in recent times has made his hero's odyssey conform to the central motive of the Homeric version, Odysseus's desire to return home to Penelope.

Those are the three main masks which Ulysses, the polytropic man, has assumed in the tradition—the politician's, the wanderer's, and the lover's. But one less marked characteristic of the Homeric hero occasionally became his dominant quality in later portraits. That is his curiosity or, to put it on a higher level, his desire for knowledge. Homer's Sirens did not try to entice Odysseus with erotic pleasures. They offered him knowledge of “whatsoever happens upon the all-nourishing earth,” together with the charms of music, most intel-



lectual of the arts. Moralists, including the influential Cicero, emphasised this intellectual aspect of Homer's hero. It appealed especially to the polymathic mediæval mind, so that Gower in his *Confessio Amantis* (1390) could write:

*He was a worthi knyht and king
And clerk knowende of every thing;
He was a gret rethorien,
He was a gret magicien;
Of Tullius the rethorique,
Of king Zorastes the magique,
Of Tholome th'astromomie,
Of Plato the Philosophie,
Of Daniel the slepi dremes,
Of Neptune ek the water stremes,
Of Salomon and the proverbes,
Of Macer al the strengthe of herbes,
And the Phisique of Ypocras,
And lich unto Pictagoras
Of Surgerie he knew the cures.*

Unhappily this led him on to the sin of sorcery. Similarly Dante, when he was creating his superb image of Ulysses, remembered that St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas had condemned *curiositas* and the exaltation of the *intellectus agens* over *fides*; so, ignoring the Homeric tradition, he hurled Ulysses and his companions to destruction in the ocean near the Dim Mountain. Joyce, a less docile pupil of the Schoolmen, returned to the Greek admiration for the questing mind; for Bloom in his most imaginative mood is eager to "wander, self-compelled, to the extreme limit of his cometary orbit, beyond the fixed stars and variable suns and telescopic planets... to the extreme boundary of space." And so, too, Tennyson's Ulysses years

*To follow knowledge like a sinking star
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.*

THERE was one further aspect of Homer's *Odyssey* that offered scope for development. (Whether Homer himself was conscious of it or not, we cannot tell. In fact the plain truth is that almost all discussion of Homer's mind and motives is guesswork.) This is the element of allegory or symbolism which so many post-homeric writers have found in the Lotus Eaters, the Cyclops, Circe, Calypso, and Penelope. The Stoic philosophers who selected Odysseus as an ideal type—"Choice pattern of the virtuous and the wise," as Horace called him—seem to have made much of these emblems of moral dangers, turning the *Odyssey* into a kind of Pilgrim's Progress, and Odysseus into the ideal *homo viator*, who through many trials wins his way to virtuous excellence by courage, resourcefulness, endurance, and piety.

Christian writers gladly adopted this interpretation. Origen drew an analogy between Christ on the Cross and Ulysses bound to the mast as he passed the Sirens. Fulgentius explained that Ulysses escaped from Scylla "because wisdom scorns lust; whence also he is said to have as his wife the most chaste Penelope because all chastity is joined to wisdom." (In sad contrast an earlier Greek tradition alleged that Pan was so called because he was a son of Penelope and all the Suitors.) A writer in the *Gesta Romanorum* went further. After an account of Ulysses's cleverness in detecting Achilles among the maidens at the court of the King of Scyros—Metastasio made an effective play from this incident—the reader is informed that here Ulysses represents Christ, and Achilles the Holy Ghost. Long afterwards Vico used allegorical interpretation of the *Odyssey* in his *Scienza Nuova* (1725) to support his historical theories: "Ulysses fights Irus, a poor man, and kills him (which must refer to an agrarian contest in which the plebeians were devouring the substance of Ulysses)." Similarly, Joyce made the Cyclops a symbol of uncouth nationalism.

On the whole this allegorical interpretation interested philosophers, historians, and theologians more than poets. But in the vaguer form of symbolism it led to some notable lyric variations on the Ulysses theme—for example, in du Bellay's sonnet, *Heureux qui comme Ulysse*, Heine's *Nordsee-Dichtungen*, and Seferis's *On a foreign line*. Combined with the erotic tradition it also prompted two of the most voluptuous episodes in the whole tradition: Calderon's plays, *Love the Greatest Enchantment*, and its Christianised version (after Calderon had become a priest) *The Sorceries of Sin*. Both are based on the Circe incident. In the first Ulysses ("the eloquent Greek," "the pilgrim of the sea," "an astute-scul'd man") is saved by his sense of duty. In the second he arrives in a "mystic boat" piloted by Understanding and accompanied by the Five Senses; is delectably tempted by Sin and Voluptuousness; is protected by Penance; and eventually sails away homewards in "the saving vessel of the sovereign Church," uttering a final curse on Circe. These are dazzling plays, but utterly false to the heroic conception of Ulysses.

Here we meet another of those apparently irreconcilable contradictions that occur more often in the Ulysses tradition than in any other development of classical themes. Dante shows us Ulysses burning for ever in the flames of Hell; Calderon, an equally faithful Churchman, makes it clear that he is in a state of grace. Why? Briefly—it's a complicated story—because Dante sees Ulysses as the arch-enemy of the Trojan ancestors of the Roman emperors, as the treacherous Greek who stole the palladium and

devised the Trojan Horse, and as the personification of that inordinate desire for knowledge which had led the Greeks into heresies and schisms. Calderon chooses to see only the other side of his portrait, the virtuous pilgrim of the ancient world. Few writers have been able to present Ulysses in all his many-sidedness: perhaps only Homer, Joyce, and now Kazantzakis.

Dante and Calderon illustrate one further polarity in the tradition (at times one is inclined to wonder whether the names Odysseus and Ulysses are not just honoured signatures to a literary blank cheque), the contrast between the outward-bound and the homeward-bound hero. The whole movement of Homer's *Odyssey* is centripetal, and the poem ends with Odysseus restored to his wife, his home, and his kingdom. But once more Homer has left a hint for further development. When Odysseus met Teiresias in the Land of the Shades, the prophet told him that after reaching Ithaca he would have to make a further journey. He must appease the wrath of Poseidon by going inland until he comes to a people ignorant of the sea and of ships. There he must offer a sacrifice to the angry sea-god. He could then safely return to Ithaca, and would die

eventually "in sleek old age with his people prosperous around him." This is plain enough, but Homer, as if he knew that hundreds of writers would be searching his *Odyssey* for themes, adds another ambiguity to the myth. "A mild death," said Teiresias, "will come to you off the sea." *Off the sea*: the oracular phrase left it open to later interpreters, both scholars and writers, to take it as meaning a death on land—"Home is the sailor, home from sea"—or more mysteriously "a death coming from the sea."

Homer himself never described Odysseus's death: he was writing a poem not a biography. But as early as the 6th century B.C. Euegammon of Cyrene wrote a sequel in which Odysseus was

killed by Telegonus, his son by Circe (or Calypso) using a spear tipped with a poisonous fishbone ("death from the sea"). Others sent Ulysses wandering away from Ithaca to die in Etruria, which later evoked one notable poem, *The Last of Ulysses*, by Landor. Another ancient writer turned him finally into a horse—a better fate than he has recently met in Giono's *Naissance de l'Odysée* where he has become a yahoo.

NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS (born in Crete 1883, died in 1957) first published his *Odyssey* in 1938. It caused as much angry controversy in Greece

as Joyce's *Ulysses* in Western Europe during the previous decade, for several reasons. Its language was demotic in defiance of the official "purified," neo-classical Greek, and the poem contained some two thousand words which most Greek literary critics had never seen or heard before. (Many of these were, in fact, as Simon Friar explains in his excellent introduction, taken from current speech among Greek islanders or from folk tales.) The metre, a seventeen-syllable unrhymed verse of eight beats, surprised and shocked

the traditionalists almost as much as the diction. Besides, the character of Odysseus was outrageously different from the classical archetype; and his sensual exuberance was bound to disturb that other dominant form of conservatism in modern Greece, byzantinism, with its abhorrence of naturalism and the *Naturmensch*. As it happened, some years ago I unexpectedly experienced something of this resentful hostility. A professor of the University of Athens had kindly introduced me to officials in the National Library, saying that I wanted to consult some books on the *Odyssey*. "Ah, yes: here is our catalogue of books on Homer." "Well, as a matter of fact I particularly want to study the work of



Kazantzakis." The genial tone left their voices. (But the books, looking mint-fresh, were punctiliously produced.)

Soon after its publication, a few Greek and hellenophil critics acclaimed Kazantzakis's poem as a masterpiece. But the fact that it had been composed in a kind of Greek obscure even to Greeks confined its circulation. The original edition was limited to three hundred copies. Nine years later Robert Levesque introduced part of it to Western readers in his elegant *Domaine Grec* 1930-46. Since then English-speaking readers have come to know and admire Kazantzakis's genius through translations of his vivid novels—the aristophanic *Zorba the Greek*, and the tragic *Christ Re-crucified* and *Freedom or Death*. In 1951 Kimon Friar, already well known in America as a poet and scholar, determined to translate the new *Odyssey* into English. After seven years of devoted work in close collaboration with Kazantzakis himself—they revised the translation line by line together—he has now triumphantly concluded his exacting task. It is good to see that he has found an American publisher (Simon and Schuster) magnanimous enough to give his book the format it deserves—a beautiful volume, illustrated with a set of arresting neo-Greek drawings by Ghika.

Kazantzakis used the three traditional methods of extending and adapting the Odyssean myth: he continued the story after Odysseus's return to Ithaca; he varied the symbolism; and he remodelled the hero. The narrative is vast; Friar's synopsis alone takes about 20,000 words. The story begins after the slaughter of the Suitors as described by Homer in *Odyssey* xxii. Odysseus subdues a revolt in Ithaca. Then, having found, like Tennyson's Ulysses, that Penelope does not attract him any more, and that Telemachus is a Fénelonesque young prince with no Autolycean traits, decides to leave Ithaca forever. He visits Sparta; carries off Helen to Crete (but without any erotic motive, for Helen has always inspired his mind, never stirred his heart); explored the doomed splendours of the Minoan kingdom; leads a conspiracy which overthrows Knossos; leaves Helen behind with a blond barbarian; goes to the decadent empire of Egypt; fails in a rebellion there; travels southwards towards the undiscovered source of the Nile; communes, like Moses, with God on a mountain-top; gains self-knowledge; builds an ideal city (Plato's Republic, St. Augustine's City of God, the new Moscow); becomes an ascetic; contemplates mystical visions; meets symbolical figures; reaches the southern ocean; sails towards the South Pole. There in the frozen wastes (Joyce has curiously anticipated this when Bloom after Stephen's departure feels a "lonechill" which was "thou-



sands of degrees below freezing point or the absolute zero") he comes face to face with Death, whose features are his own. Odysseus now recalls his former companions, his many loves, his heroic deeds, and his ancestors. He sees the symbolic figures of his earlier travels again. Finally:

*Erect by his mid-mast amid the clustered grapes,
the prodigal son now heard the song of all return
and his eyes cleansed and emptied, his full heart
grew light,
for Life and Death were songs, his mind the singing
bird.
He cast his eyes about him, slowly clenched his
teeth,
then thrust his hands in pomegranates, figs, and
grapes
until the twelve gods round his dark loins were
refreshed.
All the great body of the world-roamer turned to
mist,
and slowly his snow-ship, his memory, fruit, and
friends
drifted like fog far down the sea, vanished like dew.
Then flesh dissolved, glances congealed, the heart's
pulse stopped,
and the great mind leapt to the peak of its holy
freedom,
fluttered with empty wings, then upright through
the air*

*soared high and freed itself from its last cage, its freedom.
All things like frail mist scattered till but one brave cry
for a brief moment hung in the calm benighted waters:
"Forward, my lads, sail on, for Death's breeze blows in a fair wind!"*

The narrative is amazingly rich and varied in action, scene, mood, and characterisation. Apart from the last three books (which I found heavy going) it never flags.

KAZANTZAKIS obviously intends us to find allegory and symbolism all through the poem. Often it is explicit, as when Odysseus meets emblematic figures from earlier literature, Tantalus, Prometheus, Hercules, Helen, Pharaoh, Don Quixote, and Faust—or when he meets entirely new figures like the Lord of the Tower in the Marsh, a personification of sluggish hedonism, and the Negro fisher-lad who, as a type of Christ, most nearly succeeds in persuading him to abandon his pursuit of personal freedom. Implicitly, too, the whole narrative has an allegorical meaning. Once again Odysseus is the pilgrim hero of the Stoics and moralists. But the contrast with their attitude is extreme: their hero sought either social virtues or a communal faith; Kazantzakis's *homo viator* abandons all domestic, social, even all human, ties in pursuit of absolute freedom. Kazantzakis had studied Dante and doubtless remembered the words of Dante's centrifugal Ulysses:

not fondness for a son, nor duty to an aged father, nor the love I owed Penelope... could conquer in me the passion I had to gain experience of the world and of the vices and the worth of men....

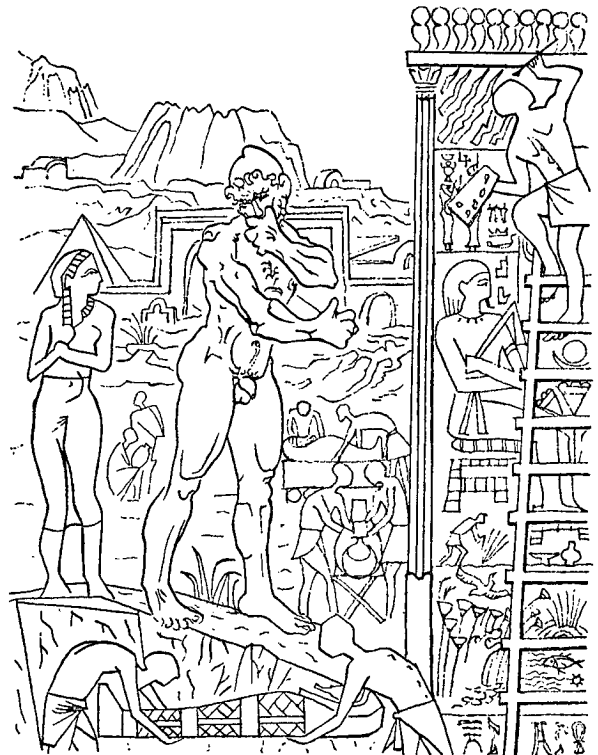
Dante saw Ulysses's ultimate fate as a dreadful and deserved doom; Kazantzakis turns it into a kind of apotheosis, though it involves the abysmal loneliness of divinity. In a sense this is sheer nihilism, and, for the socially-minded reader, sheer despair: better to burn in Dante's populous hell than to freeze in this desolate Antarctic. Yet, told as Kazantzakis tells it, the story is supremely heroic, heroic in its hero's strength of will, and heroic in the author's unflinching acceptance of the nemesis of absolute freedom. Man, Kazantzakis believed, "must ultimately embrace the annihilating abyss without any hope; he must say that nothing exists, and must accept this necessity bravely with exultation and song...."

Nothing could be less like Homer's social, homeward-bound, conciliatory hero than this descendant of Nietzsche and Spengler. Yet it would be entirely wrong to see Kazantzakis's

Odysseus as a personification of 20th-century pessimism. Except in the last moments of his life he remains the vigorous, resourceful, "man of many turns," as he evolves from sensual warrior-hero to ascetic philosopher. He never becomes a mere emblem. He is as self-abundant and full-blooded as any Ulysses in the tradition. And his companions are as exuberantly Greek as anyone in *Zorba* or in *Christ Re-crucified*.

But this is more than a magnificent half-picaresque, half-symbolical story. It is a poem of unusual, and at times monstrous, beauty in diction, imagery and rhythm. Mr. Friar's translation is an amazing achievement, especially when we remember how Homer's much simpler *Odyssey* has suffered from unfaithful or incompetent translators. His greatest merit is the sustained buoyancy and flexibility of his style throughout his gigantic task. This supreme quality cannot be illustrated in short extracts. But the following may show something of Mr. Friar's versatility and zest. Here is a tranquil scene:

*Field after wheatfield passed, and a new fragrance
poured
from tufted rose-bays by the banks and slopes of
thyme;
old women seemed more sturdy, girls as lean as
candles,
for the whole world seemed cleansed to glance of
new-washed eyes.*



*The castle suddenly loomed in twilight's azure dusk,
light fell like mist between the toothless battle-
ments,
long, bearded ivy shadowed all its cracking towers
and owls hooted in its ruined foundations now.
Pressed tight about the castle walls, dark row on
row,
huddled the humble huts of the day-laboring poor;
the smoke of evening had begun to rise from roofs
until Odysseus' hairy nostrils quivered with greed
to sniff the holy odors of burnt, fragrant pine.*

Odysseus's companions converse:

*With heart-bled sadness, Orpheus spread on the
clean deck
the salty bread of beggary on the planks of exile,
and Kentaur sighed until the whole ship came and
went:*

*"When I was born nor 'oh' nor 'ah' had yet been
born!*

*Orpheus, we've lost our golden crown, our wings
are clipped,
the chief adornment of our skiff, our precious gear,
has gone, dear piper, vanished, and only we still
stay;
brave gallantry has fled and only trash remains."*
*But skewer-head laughed awkwardly and swallowed
hard:*

*"He'll wear out seven shrouds, I tell you; don't
forget it!*

*He's skilled in myriad crafts and even can shoe a
flea!*

*Come to your senses and stop wailing; I have, you
know,*

*a brainy and divining worm between my brows
and see the future and foretell all that's to be:*

*I hear our songs again, see weapons, ships, and
men,*

*we laugh and joke once more till our poor vessel
creaks."*

Glutton half-raised his triple-storied body then:

*"Stay it again, you balding fool; your brain drips
honey!*

*He never was one to shuffle off, his mind's a hawk,
and Death will spit black blood before he gets him
down!*

*Come on, let's eat and raise our spirits, you've made
me hungry."*

*They ate, then sailed straight into sleep's huge open
hands*

which in their palms hold all we secretly desire.

At the Egyptian court:

*The court fools kicked their caps and bells to the
high beams,*

*the plump pale pageboys giggled shyly, the slaves
smiled,*

*and from a golden cage that hung beneath an arch
a tiny parrot awoke and cried out, "Grandpapa!"*

*The shriveled young king sighed and called his
jesters close:*

*"Fools, art is a heavy task, more heavy than gold
crowns;*

*it's far more difficult to match firm words than
armies,*

*they're disciplined troops, unconquered, to be placed
in rhythm,*

*the mind's most mighty foe, and not disperse in
air.*

*I'd give, believe me, a whole land for one good
song,*

*for I know well that only words, that words alone,
like the high mountains, have no fear of age or
death."*

*Thus talked the scented youth, leant on his pillowed
couch,*

*and sighed once more, then gently shut his tear-
filled eyes.*

*Meanwhile the archer by the doorway did not move,
but his mind raced, and the world spun within his
head;*

*perhaps this breathless, fragile seed of kings was
right,*

*perhaps upon this brainless earth, this mad gold-
finch,*

*a song may stand more firm in time than brain or
bronze.*

*Ah, had he seven souls, he'd give one to a tender
flute*

*and roam the desolate world and whistle to all
winds,*

*but since he had but one poor soul, he'd never waste
it!*

MR. FRIAR has completed his task with a generously informative introduction, a synopsis of the story and notes full of out-of-the-way folklore. Metrists will find stimulating new material in his discussion of rhythms. Few authors have been so fortunate as Kazantzakis in having a poet, scholar, and disciple, as their first translator.

The bigger the work of art, and the longer the tradition behind it, the harder it is to see it in a true perspective. Quantitatively there is no doubt that this is the largest version of the *Odyssey* ever made. And qualitatively? It will take a generation of readers and critics to decide this. The present writer can only say that after long study it still seems to rank with Joyce's *Ulysses* as one of the great literary achievements of this century both as a development of the traditional *Ulysses* theme and—what matters much more—as a work of creative imagination.

F I L M

No Art and No Box Office

Letter from Hollywood — By DWIGHT MACDONALD

AS HAS perhaps been observed somewhere, Hollywood is a strange place. I visited it last fall for the first time, to talk to Dore Schary about his new film version of Nathanael West's *Miss Lonelyhearts*. I was prepared for the vast horizontal scale—it cost me almost \$5 to get from the railroad station to my hotel—for the interminable white boulevards, the theatres like mosques and the hamburger stands like castles, and the almost complete lack of pedestrians. I was prepared for my room at the Beverly Wilshire, which had a black and white marble floor, Chinese bamboo beds with gold silk canopies, a private patio, incredibly powerful air-conditioning and television, and a closet the size of the hotel bedrooms I usually stay in. I was even prepared for Forest Lawn Memorial Park, courtesy of Waugh's *The Loved One*.

But it was at Forest Lawn that the new note first sounded. Culture. Off-key, but definitely audible. I had not realised that every one of Michelangelo's major sculptures is to be found there, full-scale and executed in the most expensive Carrara marble by real Italian sculptors. Nor that the world's largest painting is there, a panorama of the Crucifixion by "the celebrated Polish artist, Jan Styka." It is so big that a large auditorium is devoted solely to its display, every hour on the hour, with a recorded spiel of awesome dignity; the painting, apart from its size, gives the general effect of a *Saturday Evening Post* illustration. Nor was I aware that there is a full-scale reproduction, in stained glass, of da Vinci's Last Supper enshrined in an aggressively Gothic structure which the management hopefully calls "America's Westminster Abbey" and which so far contains just three cadavers, including that of Carrie Jacobs Bond, composer of *I Love You Truly*. The spiel here, also in the loftiest good taste, implies that for all practical purposes this is the original Last Supper, since it was executed "from da Vinci's original sketches in the great museums of Europe" and is super-authentic and brand-new, as against that faded, much-restored thing in Milan. The Michelangelo statues are also now really the real originals, since they are much newer and whiter than those worn-out objects in Italy.

This high cultural tone persisted through my

week's stay in Hollywood. I lunched at the Brown Derby with an English screen writer who regretted I was leaving too soon to meet Aldous Huxley, Christopher Isherwood, Gerald Heard, and others of the local crowd. I spent an interesting three hours with Stanley Kubrick, most talented of the younger directors, discussing Whitehead, Kafka, *Potemkin*, Zen Buddhism, the decline of Western culture, and whether life is worth living anywhere except at the extremes—religious faith or the life of the senses; it was a typical New York conversation. I visited the set of *Some Like It Hot* and saw Marilyn Monroe in black lace pyjamas jump out of an upper berth eleven times, deliver one line, and then run dancingly off the set, with a charming mixture of deerlike grace and parody of deerlike grace, to perch on the lap of the man sitting next to me, who happened to be her husband, a playwright named Arthur Miller. I had an hour at Twentieth Century-Fox with George Stevens and another with Jerry Wald. Mr. Stevens, who was then working on *The Diary of Anne Frank*, is big, rugged-faced, slow-spoken; he looks like one's idea of a rancher; in common with everyone else I talked to, he was optimistic about the "new Hollywood" of independent producers that has broken the monopoly of the great studios and for the same reason: actors and directors, that is artists, are now in the ascendancy at the expense of the old-style executive moguls like the late Louis B. Mayer. "It was hopefully thought, in the old days, that people didn't make films, that they were turned out somehow by an organisation. But only an individual can make a picture. It can't be done collectively." He also felt—another general impression out there—that the grip of the Hays Office has relaxed and that it is now possible to treat more daring themes in a bolder way: "There will be a wonderful period for the movies in the next ten years." Jerry Wald, a plump, baldish, cigar-chewing producer who talks rapidly and freely on any topic, was also full of cultural optimism. His walls were lined with Rouault prints and other O.K. modern art products, and he had just finished a major production of Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*. "Mass audiences are hep now," he said. "There

are twenty-five million college graduates. There's no such thing as highbrow and lowbrow any more. They get the best TV and radio shows. They can appreciate quality. I'm gonna do Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers* next and I just bought *Winesburg*." I suggested that *Ulysses* would make a splendid movie. "I got an option on it!" he replied instantly, adding: "It's basically just a father searching for a son. Universal theme!"

It is true that discordant notes may still be noted in the general harmony. "We never make a picture for the art houses," Mr. Wald stated firmly. "The most the art-house circuit can do is \$600,000 and most pictures cost a lot more than that. You always try to make a *big* picture. Nobody deliberately starts out to make a stinker. Art houses are just a salvage operation for us." I suggested that some artists might prefer a perceptive audience to a big one. This didn't go down: "An artist tries to reach as many people as possible, don't he? He's not talking to himself." The twenty-five million college graduates marched in again. "Now you take Schary's *The Red Badge of Courage*—that was a flop and so it went into the art houses. I'd say it had superior intent, but inferior content." "Hey, that's *good*!" exclaimed Mr. Wald's press agent. There were other discords: a producer referring to "the Baumhaus school of art"; MGM spending fifteen millions on a re-make of *Ben Hur*; a director describing a melodrama set in Israel: "We kick off with the Dead Sea scrolls." But the point is that they are discords. Ten years ago they would have been the tune.

WITH all this Culture proliferating in Hollywood, it is not surprising that Dore Schary, who has long had the modest distinction of being the leading intellectual among the top studio executives, should signalise his return to Hollywood, two years after his resignation as production chief of MGM, with an independent production of Nathanael West's *Miss Lonelyhearts*. But the new Hollywood, for all its fine cultural plumage, is not so different underneath the feathers from the old bird. Palm trees don't make Los Angeles an exotic city and options on *Ulysses* don't make Hollywood a sophisticated one. Just as the "psychological" Western is *au fond* the same sturdy old Model T that once carried William S. Hart into action, so this new production of *Lonelyhearts*, for all its "seriousness," is just another soap opera. It is painful to say this because I really wished Schary well on his return from Elba, so to speak.

It is also painful because I greatly admire West's novel, which seems to me a miraculously pure expression of our special American sort of agony, the horror of aloneness, and of our kind

of corruption, that of mass culture. It is a prose poem, except that instead of being fuzzy and long-winded like most prose poems, which prosaicise poetry, it is rather a poeticising of prose: sharp, stripped, laconic, every word counting—a masterpiece of omission, like *The Great Gatsby*. A chilling wind from the grave blows into one's heart from this anti-epic, which is uncompromisingly negative, with bitter wit mocking religion, love, ambition, the American Way of Life, humanity itself. Its protagonist is hopelessly split between love and hate and finally destroyed by his inability to resolve the conflict. He cannot love the people who write in to him for help in situations where there is no help—the noseless girl, the fifteen-year-old boy whose deaf-and-dumb kid sister has been raped—yet he feels he should love them. Sometimes he hates them: "He was twisting the arm of all the sick and miserable, broken and betrayed, inarticulate and impotent. He was twisting the arm of Desperate, Broken-hearted, Sick-of-it-all, Disillusioned-with-tubercular-husband." Nor can he love his girl, Betty, who is pretty, loyal, kind—and conventional: "Her world was not the world and could never include the readers of his column. Her sureness was based on the power to limit experience arbitrarily. Moreover, his confusion was significant, while her order was not." Counterpointed against Betty's stolid decency is the frenetic nihilism of his editor, Shrike, which he cannot accept either; and counterpointed against his affair with Betty is his frustrating and sordid pursuit of Mrs. Shrike, a romantic teaser, and his disastrous seduction of and by one of his correspondents, Mrs. Doyle, who betrays him to her crippled husband when he tries to bring the couple together again. The book ends with Doyle shooting Miss Lonelyhearts.

IF THE epigraph of West's novel might be Dostoevsky's "Hell is the inability to love," that of the film might be William Dean Howells' observation to Edith Wharton: "What the American public always wants is a tragedy with a happy ending."

This Mr. Schary has bountifully supplied. Doyle does turn up at the newspaper office to shoot Miss Lonelyhearts, but he is so overcome by Our Hero's sincerity and compassion that he cannot pull the trigger and staggers out, a sadder and wiser man. Even the cynical Shrike, who up to this point has been handing out a poor man's equivalent of the novelistic Shrike's destructive rhetoric, suddenly has a change of heart and begs Our Hero to stay on the paper. When O.H., though "deeply moved," insists on leaving (*with* his girl, of course, whom he is about to marry, of course, and who, of course,

happily explains as she exits, "I believe in him"), Shrike gazes after O.H. with ill-concealed affection.

"I feel that pure tragedy, classic tragedy means that the hero can't overcome his obstacles because of his character or maybe it's his destiny," Schary explained, apropos of this ending. "There is something inescapable about his doom. But I felt that dramatically Miss Lonelyhearts' life did not *have* to have a sad ending." Or, as the film's director, Vincent Donehue, explained to me: "Dore said he didn't believe the Christ figure had to be crucified." The idea of an uncrucified Christ is very American.

Yet Dore Schary is right. His film, unlike the book, does not in fact require a tragic ending, for the simple reason that about all the film has in common with the book is the names of its characters. Miss Lonelyhearts is now an undivided person, an idealistic young man who doesn't drink or smoke, who feels only a deep compassion for his correspondents, and who has no trouble at all loving his girl; indeed, Montgomery Clift and Dolores Hart are as wholesome a pair of young lovers as have come within camera range in months. Shrike is still Shrike, though his tortured wild wit has been smoothed out to the conventional wisecracking of the tough newspaperman. (Hecht and MacArthur have a lot to answer for.) The conflict between love and hate has been brought up out of the murky depths of Miss Lonelyhearts' soul and neatly externalised by concentrating the good in him and the evil in Shrike.

Lonelyhearts is essentially a Western: the good guy arrives in town—or the newspaper office—tangles with the bad guy and ultimately defeats him. (The tragic element in the Western is, however, omitted—nobody gets hurt.) The other characters have been similarly reduced. Mrs. Doyle, a grotesque in the book ("He made a quick catalogue: legs like Indian clubs, breasts like balloons. . . . Despite her short plaid skirt, red sweater, rabbit-skin jacket, and knitted tam-o'-shanter, she looked like a police captain") is now just another sexy slattern, to be "understood" as well as condemned. Mrs. Shrike ("She returned his kisses because she hated Shrike. But even there Shrike had beaten him. No matter how hard he begged her to give Shrike horns, she refused to sleep with him") has been cleaned up into a sad-eyed, gallant, noble wife (Myrna Loy) whose only interest in Miss Lonelyhearts is a (sad-eyed) maternal one.

"Fay Doyle is a tramp, so I had to change Mrs. Shrike," Schary explains. "We couldn't have two tramps in the same picture." And so for ten years his Mrs. Shrike has been expiating her single infidelity ("I was alone—I was drunk—you had betrayed me a dozen times"),

patiently bearing Shrike's abuse, hoping against hope to win her man back. "Few of us get a second chance. Go to him, Justy," she counsels Betty, who has been so renamed for some deep Hollywoodian reason. "You never get a free pass to love, do you?" replies Justy-Betty, only to be topped by: "Some women like you, Justy, have to run after their second chance. Some, like me, have to sit and wait for theirs." Her ten-year vigil is rewarded in the happy ending: the last shot is of Shrike in the office, about to join his wife in Deleahanty's bar where she is, as usual, waiting for him (patiently, nobly). He sees some flowers in a vase on a stenographer's desk, picks them up, and with a remote look in his eyes gently wraps their stems in copy paper and exits. The Shrikes' marriage has been saved. Slow fade-out. The End.

IN SHORT, Dore Schary, who was the script writer as well as the producer, has performed the considerable feat of converting *Miss Lonelyhearts* into *Stover at Yale*. The usual excuse, sometimes a valid one, that Hollywood makes for changes in some well-known book is that they are cinematically necessary—it is a matter, after all, of translating from one medium into another. But this won't work here. The film is about as cinematic as the proceedings of the American Iron and Steel Institute.

A producer is said to have observed, years ago, explaining why he could no longer go along with Paul Muni's series of re-creations of such culture-heroes as Pasteur and Zola: "Art and box office, okay. Art and no box office, okay. No art and box office, okay. But no art and no box office. . . ."

Lonelyhearts falls into the last category. The photography is that chocolate-marshmallow kind of sublimous chiaroscuro that glazes with standardised unreality most Hollywood movies. Almost all the action, or rather non-action, takes place on two all-too-familiar sets: The Barroom and The Newspaper Office. (Some awful movies at least keep the eyeballs twitching with a variety of locales.) Schary apparently entrusted the direction to Vincent Donehue because he directed his recent stage hit, *Sunrise at Campobello*. Donehue had worked on the stage and in TV, but not in the movies, which would have been all right if his inexperience had given him the innocent boldness of, say, the maker of *Pather Panchali*; instead, it made him timid. He has simply photographed a stage play, for which there is ample excuse in the talking script. But a more experienced director might have been able to inject some slight illusion of cinematic movement. The only faintly cinematic passage is the montage sequence under the titles, where one does get some impressionistic shots of life

in a Midwest city. After that, *rigor mortis* sets in for the remaining eighty-five minutes.* The acting is uneven in quality and conflicting as to styles. Montgomery Clift's tense mannerisms don't jibe with the broad ingenu-ity of Dolores Hart; it is never clear just what he is expressing since the same writhing lips, fixed eyes, and trancelike, don't-hit-me movements occur in every context, while it is all too clear what *she* means; their love scenes are dialogues between Gertrude Stein and Faith Baldwin. Robert Ryan, a self-conscious and wooden actor who depends for his effectiveness on a sinister cast of countenance, plays Shrike like a Western bad man coached by Noël Coward, nor is he more successful than Clift in making contact with his opposite number, Myrna Loy, who plays Mrs. Shrike in a world-weary manner more suitable to the Oriental vamps she used to do in the Twenties. The one triumph among the principals—Jackie Coogan and Onslow Stevens, two old-timers with plenty of dramatic presence, make a lot out of minor parts—was that of Maureen Stapleton as Fay Doyle. Unhappily, the free and easy power, the precision and vitality of Miss Stapleton's performance makes one realise how fumbling the other principals are. It is as if a real person suddenly appeared in a row of marionettes.

BUT even the most inspired performers might have found the script hard going. I wonder if Sir Laurence Olivier himself could have put over a line like Ryan's: "Father Shrike, the encyclopædia on 'heels.' Subtitle: every man." Or Clift's: "Even now—full of guilt and shame—the only clean thing I ever owned was my love for you." And Duse herself might have been thrown by Miss Hart's line: "Has anybody ever tried to figure out how many tears you cry in a lifetime?" The characterisations in general are deeply rooted in the cornfield. Every word assimilates them to that vast body of clichés that has been slowly built up—as a coral reef is built by the accretion of tiny, identical organisms—in our mass culture; a parody of a tradition. Shrike is especially painful. His first words addressed to the barman ("Charlie, a double of

the usual stomach-lining destroyer") gets us right into *The Front Page* groove, and he follows it up with other conventional postures. *Cynical*: "Love and kindness—man is good? Take a bath, Little Boy Blue, and wash off the eau de cologne." *Disillusioned*: "Ah, yes, those years of peace, full of man's kindness to men, with fascism and Nazism the fashionable purgative. We've come so far, haven't we? It's now such a happy world." *Tough*: "You're as important to this department as my tonsils, which I lost some forty years ago." *Witty*: "Mr. White is not available. He's gone to perdition. Perdition, Nebraska." Adam, or Miss Lonelyhearts, is the other side of the cob. "Adam is young," reads the script, "with a mind full of hopes and dreams. But there is muscle to back up the hopes and the dreams. Adam searches for truth, which at this point he cannot define. But if he ever stumbles upon it, he will certainly be able to identify it." Perhaps, but one wishes his mind were furnished more substantially. He certainly has an odd idea of the newspaper game. "It's dreary work," he tells Justy. "But in time a by-lire. And the chance to write words that count." (Words that are counted would be more accurate.) He and Justy go through the prescribed exercises of a Nice Young Couple, American-style. "You taste good, like orange," he tells her as they drink a carbonated beverage together. Later he grapples with the problem again: "I love you because you're possessive—a man wants to be wanted. [Rarely has the American male accepted his chains more gracefully.] And I love you for a long list of other things—because you're warm and soft in the right places—and your eyes are like cornflowers.... Am I too poetical?" Nathanael West's hero has rather a different style: "Betty the Buddha. You have the smug smile; all you need is the potbelly.... What a kind bitch you are."

It is all very strange. Justy is a replica of Betty—the only character in fact, who is carried over unchanged from the book into the film—that is, a very nice, wholesome, pretty and conventional girl. But Justy is accepted at face value by Schary's hero, who loves and cherishes her, while Betty is sneered at, humiliated, and relentlessly analysed by West's hero, perhaps because his mind is not furnished exclusively with hopes and dreams. Even more eerie is the way West's hero proposes to Betty: "He begged the party dress to marry him, saying all the things it expected to hear, all the things that went with strawberry sodas and farms in Connecticut. He was just what the party dress wanted him to be: simple and very sweet, whimsical and poetic, a trifle collegiate yet very masculine." This is precisely how Schary's hero presents himself to Justy, except that he means it, while West's hero

* The titles and credits are often the most interesting part of a Hollywood film because montage is almost inescapable there, montage which the great Russians thought the basis of cinematic form and which has been reduced in Hollywood to "Vorkapich Effects," named after a Russian-trained Soviet technician who came there in the 'thirties. A train journey, for instance, is suggested by rapid cutting between wheels, tracks, locomotive, etc., or a financial panic by similar manipulation of shots of ticker-tape, shouting brokers, headlines, etc.

doesn't, knows he doesn't, and is in fact in the last stages of schizophrenia. In the next, the final chapter, he becomes Christ, and is shot as he rushes to embrace Doyle "with his arms spread for the miracle." Scharly's hero walks out into a new life with Justy on his arm: "We're going to start somewhere else, fresh." Why crucify Christ, after all?

"I see *Lonelyhearts* as a modern morality play," Scharly says, "a good man who stands for something posed against Shrike's nihilism. It's an unconventional picture. I knew I wouldn't have any chases or much outdoor stuff, none of the sure-fire things. I didn't use colour because it's a serious film, not just entertainment, and there's no mood music because it's a film of talk and ideas and I felt that music would intrude. I thought it would go if the talk were good enough." It isn't good enough, nor are the ideas.

"The reason movies are often so bad out here," Stanley Kubrick observed, "isn't because the people who make them are cynical money hacks. Most of them are doing the very best they can; they really want to make good films. The trouble is with their heads, not their hearts."

SCHARLY was one of the few major Hollywood executives with a liberal record. The first script he sold in Hollywood, which he wrote in 1933 with Jerry Wald, of all people, was an indictment of the Hoover bread lines, entitled *The Public Must Eat*. Several years later he won an Oscar with his script for *Boys Town*, an inspirational salute to Father Flanagan's work, which was followed by two tributes to Thomas A. Edison, *Young Tom Edison* and *Edison, the Man*. His career as producer was marked by an extraordinary number of "message" films: *The Boy with Green Hair*, *Bad Day at Black Rock*, *The Hoaxters*, *Crossfire*, *Journey for Margaret*, *Joe Smith, American*, *The Next Voice You Hear*, *Blackboard Jungle*; most of them were more worthy than interesting. Jerry Wald calls Scharly "a Don Quixote, constantly fighting the windmills of opposition." The irony is unconscious but accurate, for Scharly's "message" pictures have a way of missing the real problem and tediously examining a false issue, as in *Lonelyhearts*. Dore Scharly battles the forces of Mammon on behalf of the little man, decency, democracy, art, love, etc., but Mammon, whose name in this context is sentimentality, has put his seal on him, so that as an artist he is part of the enemy he fights as an idealist. For all his intelligence and good intentions, he has been so thoroughly saturated by mass culture—or to use a four-letter word, corn—that he instinctively sees the world that way.

In reading Lillian Ross' *Picture*, one cannot but sympathise with Scharly in his epic battle over the *Red Badge of Courage* with Louis B. Mayer, the symbol of all that was vulgar and mindless in the old Hollywood; one cannot but rejoice at his victory, soon followed by Mayer's enforced exit from MGM (which was itself, alas, shortly followed by Scharly's ditto). Yet when the smoke cleared away, Scharly had insisted on cutting out most of the scenes that the director, John Huston, had particularly liked and that the preview audiences had particularly disliked. So, too, *Lonelyhearts* originally ended with Shrike, as Adam leaves the office, turning to the audience: "He hasn't got a chance, you know that. In the market places of the republic, he'll be minced into hamburger. But, if he comes your way, give him a hand. He's a nice guy." (This was omitted before release.) In Henry James' story, *The Next Time*, it will be recalled, Ray Limbert tries to write a facile, sentimental best-seller but art keeps breaking through and he dies in poverty. Dore Scharly's problem is in every way the opposite.

After he left MGM two years ago, Scharly wrote an inspirational drama about Franklin D. Roosevelt's triumph over poliomyelitis, called *Sunrise at Campobello*, which he produced on Broadway (in collaboration with the Theatre Guild) and which became a major hit. He has just produced another play with the Theatre Guild: Leonard Spiegelgass' *Majority of One*, which concerns a Jewish widow (Gertrude Berg of "Molly Goldberg" fame on the radio) who goes to Tokyo and meets and is wooed by a rich Japanese industrialist (Sir Cedric Hardwick), and while one respects all efforts to reduce racial prejudice sometimes one has the feeling that things are getting out of hand. He has also nearly completed another play of his own, *The Highest Tree*, which he expects to stage soon.

Lonelyhearts opened in New York in February (and in London in June), got unfavourable reviews (quite a feat, by the way), and disappeared from its first-run Times Square house speedily and abruptly. Scharly has no plans at present for any future movies. His professional base seems to have shifted to the theatre. He is selling Scharly Manor, his rustic-Tudor mansion in Hollywood, and he and Mrs. Scharly are moving permanently to New York. "We felt strange in Hollywood when we went back last year," he says, "really out of things. I'd been in the top-level big-studio crowd, but now I found I was an outsider. We didn't like it at all." Despite its New York fiasco, the film may just conceivably do better in the provinces—the mass public is a wayward creature—but it seems more likely that Scharly's return from Elba will follow the historical script.

NOTES & TOPICS

Beat Zen, Square Zen

An Eastern Dissent

SINCE I came to live in the West, one of the things that has struck me most is the number of so-called Eastern cults. It seems that anything from the East acquires an almost magic power as it moves westward. The very name of such a cult, it would seem, is enough to impart a mystic strength to the speaker. During his life in his own community the Westerner has surely learned that religion requires devotion, sacrifice, and duty; but miraculously the Eastern cult requires none of these. "Presto! Look at me! I am a mystic!" Of course I do not rule out the fact that some of these people may half-believe it themselves, or at least want to. The world to-day is troubled enough to make a man catch at curious straws. Loneliness, insignificance, and the crushing standardisation of modern life play their part. Nonetheless, to my mind, a hoax remains a hoax.

Zen Buddhism, which seems to be the rage of the moment, is a particularly good example. Here there is no creed, no dogma, and no God to disturb the existence of the would-be Zen Buddhist. All he has to do is to proclaim himself as publicly as possible a Zen Buddhist. Actually, however, the very fact of being a Zen Buddhist at all means to be a member of a monastic order. The Zen Buddhist outside the monastic wall is a contradiction in terms.

Zen Buddhism can best be compared to a strict Roman Catholic order of the Middle Ages. It is traditionally supposed that it originated in the 6th-century B.C., when one of Buddha's disciples brought him a golden flower, he held it, and smiled, and the disciple *knew*. It was all but impossible to express this communion in words. Thought was transferred from mind to mind in an intuitive flash of *enlightenment* beyond words. When it was introduced to China and Korea in the 5th-century A.D., the cult flourished for a few centuries and still exists to a very limited extent in Japan.

The Zen monk spends his life in contemplation of, and expectation of, *enlightenment*, which is supposedly given him by *knowing*. As *knowing* is the only way to *enlightenment*, and as a monk who *knows* may not pass on his revelation to another monk who does not *know*, it is impossible for Zen Buddhism to build up

a creed, any methods of study, or traditions of belief. This is undoubtedly what makes it so tempting to the "self-styled" Zen Buddhists of the West. I insist on the "self-styled" because the true Zen Buddhist, creed or no creed, follows an extremely rigid monastic law as strict as any in the Roman Catholic orders.

Zen is personal and subjective, relying on one's flash-like intuition. It ignores one's logic and intellect, one's memories of the past and fear of the present and future. For they are a hindrance on the way to *knowing* and *enlightenment*.

The sole function of Zen is to indicate the way and leave the rest to one's own inner experience. Then how does the master indicate the way to his monk? A typical *satori* (awakening) story runs like this: Once a monk asked his master, "What is the supreme principle of Buddhism?" The master, instead of answering the question, came down from his high seat, took hold of the monk, slapped him hard with his hand, and pushed him away. The monk stood there, completely taken aback. A bystander suggested that he ought to bow to the master. As he was about to bow, the monk suddenly *knew* the truth of Zen. In this case, the bowing was (according to Zen apologists) the turning-point, for it broke up the spell and restored the monk to sense, not to an ordinary sense of awareness but to the inward consciousness of his own being.

With true Zen Buddhists Zen was the only thing that really mattered and they would stake their own or other people's lives if need be. Once, for example, a woman Zen follower burned down a whole house, and another woman threw her baby into a river, in order to be *enlightened*.

It was for such fanatic manifestations of Zen that the Chinese and Koreans soon abandoned Zen Buddhism, while in Japan it flourished on and on, and shaped her national character. It is interesting to note here that Zen was the guiding force behind the way of the Samurai, the *harakiri*, and the Kamikaze suicide dive-bombers.

In New York, Paris, and London, I have witnessed two distinct types of Zen Buddhists, "Beat Zen" and "Square Zen."

"Beat Zen" followers consist of dishevelled writers and jazz musicians, students, and café bums. They are in general social misfits or psychological delinquents—the noisy sleepwalkers on the Open Road. While Zen (which signifies serenity or quietism) requires constant awareness of a thing or a person through discipline and concentration and monks drink tea to sharpen their faculties so that they may be susceptible to *enlightenment*, "Beat Zen" followers take dope or alcohol to reach a giggly

state of ecstasy which they spuriously consider an intuitive flash of *knowing* beyond expression. They know nothing about Far Eastern culture and civilisation, so it is convenient for them to speak in vague riddles.

Not long ago, on the terraces of the Café Deux Magots, I had a typical experience with a young American "Beat Zen" poet.

"What gives?" he said.

"What lovely weather we're having to-day," I said.

"Christ Almighty," he exclaimed, joyously, "you *know*. You know, *know* in italics, my enlightened one."

Then we both ordered Pernod.

"Gotta light?" he said.

"Yes," I said, offering to light a match for him.

"Jesus," he said, furiously, "No, man. I meant the light of the wisdom of the East! How prosaic can you get, man?"

"Man," he went on, "you failed my *satori* test!"

When I bravely tried to reason with him, he quickly got out of it by saying that I had been poisoned by Western civilisation.

"Square Zen" Buddhists are half-baked, muddled apologists of the East in general and Zen Buddhism in particular, who derive a meek supply of spiritual pabulum from D. T. Suzuki and Co. of Japan. Dr. Suzuki is, as far as I can see, their only source of knowledge. And an incomplete one, to say the least. For either he has not mastered the ancient colloquial Chinese in which nearly all Zen sayings and writings were written or he deliberately mis-translates. I suspect it to be a combination of both because some of his interpretations are obviously slanted. Formerly these same people, who now style themselves Zen Buddhists, would have been line-followers of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche (in fact, I know several of them who really were) and experience masochistic satisfaction in attacking Christian ideas and ideals and, of course, "women." What is more, having turned their backs on Wagner and Strindberg, they now turn to the highly incomprehensible (even to the Japanese intelligentsia) *No*' plays for their Muse. They are, to my mind, even more ridiculous than "Beat Zen" followers in as much as a pompous man is always more ridiculous than a rogue. More dishonest, too.

Of course part of the confusion of both "Beat" and "Square" Buddhists arises from the fact that mescaline, so popular amongst them to-day, has the same effect superficially on the subjective meaning of natural objects as the revelation of *satori*. This similarity, however, is a delusion. It is like comparing the run of a race-horse to that of a bronco with a burr under its tail.

It is true that these sons and daughters of Oxford, Cambridge, Vassar, Bennington, Columbia, and Chicago are, in a way, repressed victims of the present struggle between East and West, between Christian idealism and Marxist materialism, but can Zen Buddhism really solve their spiritual problems? Personally, I very much doubt it. Unless, of course, they believe in *sanits* (i.e., Zen masters) and miracles (of *enlightenment*), in which case presumably they would enter a Zen monastery and become genuine Zen Buddhists.

It is a full-time job.

Peter Hyun

Freud and Fromm

"**H**OWLS the Sublime, and softly sleeps the calm Ideal, in the whispering chambers of Imagination. To hear it, sweet it is. But then, outlaughes the stern philosopher, and saith to the Grotesque, 'What ho! arrest for me that Agency. Go, bring it here!' And so the vision fadeth."

This superb effusion by one of the Literary Ladies (who were Transcendental) was uttered to Martin Chuzzlewit, and I had always feared that this grand style of feminine rhetoric had been lost in the United States. But these L.L.'s must now look to their laurels; they are very closely approached by an L.L. named Ruth Nanda Anshen in the general preface she has written for a series of booklets entitled "World Perspectives" (Harpers, New York, Allen and Unwin, London), of which the latest volume is Erich Fromm's *Sigmund Freud's Mission*; in general intelligibility, in style and in uplift she closely resembles the inspired Miss Toppit.

Erich Fromm is an L.G., rather than an L.L., and, probably owing to the disadvantages of a European education, writes in a less opaque style than his editress; but he too is quite certainly Transcendental. Psychoanalysis, he has learned in the whispering chambers of his imagination,

became a substitute satisfaction for a deep human yearning, that of finding a meaning to life, of being in genuine touch with reality, of doing away with the distortions and projections which put a veil between reality and ourselves. Psychoanalysis became a surrogate for religion for the urban middle and upper-middle classes which did not want to make a more radical and comprehensive effort. Here, in the Movement, they found everything—a dogma, a ritual, a leader, a hierarchy, the feeling of possessing the truth, of being superior to the uninitiated; yet without great effort, without deeper comprehension of the problem of existence, without insight into and

criticism of their own society, and its crippling effects on man, without having to change one's character, in those aspects which matter, namely to get rid of one's greed, anger, and folly. All one tried to get rid of were certain libidinous fixations and their transference, and while this may sometimes be significant, it is not sufficient for the achievement of that characterological change which is necessary to be in full touch with reality....

This typically highfalutin piece of transcendental prose (can any meaning be given to being "in full touch with reality" and in what way does it differ from being "in genuine touch with reality"?) comes at the end of an extremely mean-spirited attack on the character of Sigmund Freud and on the Psychoanalytic Society. Dr. Fromm does not produce any new evidence; but he has selected items from the autobiographical portions of *The Interpretation of Dreams*, the Fliess correspondence, and the Ernest Jones biography and has presented them in the most unfavourable light possible. Freud is attacked for being frightened of poverty, for working so hard and enjoying himself so little; when he writes his regrets at being unable to afford to take his wife and growing family with him on one of his vacations to his beloved Italy, this is interpreted as meaning that he didn't love his wife at all. Freud had no right, according to Dr. Fromm, to be a nearly penniless Viennese Jew sharing the attitudes and aspirations of his contemporaries in his ordinary life, and having to work so desperately hard to keep himself, his wife, and his large family; once he had discovered the principles and technique of psychoanalysis, he had no right to form a society to keep it out of the hands of quacks and charlatans; he had no right to claim that he knew more about psychoanalysis than those of his pupils who wished to reject the disquieting aspects of his discovery. This was being "authoritarian"; and once this emotive word has been written—and naturally it recurs frequently in Dr. Fromm's diatribe, often coupled with "bureaucracy"—then there is no need for rational argument. When one reads the sort of nonsense which comes from an eclectic acceptance of some psychoanalytical ideas, then the authoritarian bureaucracy of Professor Freud and the Psychoanalytic Society seems to be as useful a protection for the gullible public as, for example, the authoritarian bureaucracy of the Pure Food and Drug Acts, or the control of the sale of poisons.

What Dr. Fromm is saying in effect is "Grandfather was the most awful Victorian monster. Of course he started from nothing, and made those inventions on which the family fortune is founded. But look how grimly he worked, consider how he treated his family and work-people,

just like a typical 19th-century father and employer. He never had any fun, never appreciated the higher things of life; why, people were frightened of him. Yes, I'm living on part of the capital he left me, but I don't employ it as he did; I use it to give glimpses of the Life Beautiful to the working classes who have not had our advantages. After all, the bourgeoisie are too awful, aren't they? And the thing I've got most against Grandfather is that he was so terribly bourgeois. He might have been a bit of a rebel in his time, but he wasn't a radical like me. He wasn't in full touch with reality."

Dr. Fromm chooses to ignore the fact that psychoanalysis was developed as a therapeutic device to relieve the misery and disabling symptoms of suffering patients, not as a technique for producing saints or for bringing about the earthly paradise. On occasion, Freud extrapolated from the observations and deductions he had made from his patients' behaviour into speculations on wider issues; and some of these speculations are perhaps rather silly. But he was always saved from the howls of the sublime by the reference back to the suffering bodies and tortured minds of identified individuals. When this touch with reality is lost, one is left with nothing but speculation.

In the quotation I gave earlier, Dr. Fromm echoed the Buddha on the necessity of getting rid of one's greed, anger, and folly. Envy, malice, and ingratitude are apparently unimportant; otherwise surely Erich Fromm would not have written this little book.

Geoffrey Gorer

A Conversation with Arthur Miller

THE aspect of Arthur Miller's East 57th Street apartment is unexpectedly MGMish: white table lamps glow whitely upon white leather sofas and spreading ice-cap expanses of white fitted carpet. There is, in fact, a sharp division when you enter Mr. Miller's work-room, and after Miss Marilyn Monroe, like a twirl of spun sugar in matador pants and fisherman's jersey, has mixed drinks, curled up to discuss Russia for a few minutes, and returned to the snowy gorgeousness beyond the door, you are left in an isolated pocket of workmanlike maleness, the stokehole below the first-class lounge.

With one window high above New York's roar, the small room is crowded with desk, bookshelves, day-couch, and a writer's litter. On the desk is an afternoon paper. Its front page carries stories about eleven teen-age Puerto Ricans robbing a shopkeeper and stabbing him to death,

about the trial of seven coloured youths for murdering a crippled boy, and about a fifteen-year-old highschool boy who had taken a sawn-off shotgun into the washroom and blown off the head of a classmate. Mr. Miller, in open-necked white tennis shirt and heavy horn-rims looking like an electrically-shaved Abraham Lincoln, lights a big black pipe and talks intently about present-day metropolitan society and the theatre that that society produces.

"New York—America—hasn't got any worse in this respect," he says, poking his pipe at the newspaper. "I was brought up in Harlem. It was always a rough neighbourhood. Nothing that happens now is any worse than what I saw when I went to school. But at that time there was no such alarm because society was then much more confident. Nor is there anything new about the Beat Generation. I knew beats in the 'thirties and 'forties. Delinquents of a kind. But the context was different then, so that they didn't seem of all that significance. The context now is such that if someone gets out of line, he is thought to threaten the State. Before, there was no fear of that sort. I would evaluate the Beat Generation as a recurrence of a kind of bohemianism which before the Korean War never had a dominant place in the average citizen's mind. Now it has gained a greater meaning. These people, the beats, are regarded as a serious reproach. Before they were an aberration; now society is beginning to wonder if they may be partially right in rejecting all our technological easy-living...."

"A change of attitudes is certainly perceptible. I am working on a novel—the first since *Focus* in 1944—which is concerned with the intimate relationship between people and nature, our responsibility towards natural things, animal life, that does exist however deep it may be buried, and which must be reasserted. I am writing this as a novel (it will be called *The Misfits*) because I don't know how to do it on the stage.

"I started a play many years ago and I hope it will soon be ready. It is about the present day, about people who lived through the events of the 'thirties and 'forties, and are now face to face with their lives in a world they never made. I am trying to define what a human being should be, how he can survive in to-day's society without having to appear to be a different person from what he basically is.

"I don't feel any community of understanding with the kind of drama we are getting in America to-day. Many of the plays appear to be plays of protest, but they are not genuine. We have no satire. There is something decadent in the protest. It is not protest in the name of the future. It is anti-dramatic drama. They are terribly sentimental. There is something terribly

evasive about it. The hero is saying: 'Look at this—it reflects a world where the results of the action are difficult to find.' But the flaw is that they themselves are involved in organisation and bigness—they are part of it. I once wrote a definition of how birds come home to roost. A man has to dredge up from within his nature the strength to deal with them and in the process he is made more complete, but in our drama nowadays the birds just keep hovering about, and society can't admit their reality. That is what makes me suspect that a good deal of this writing is special pleading. It does not examine the concept of justice. One of the problems of the delinquent is that he has no regard for consequences or he can't conceive them...."

"I think the point has come where a cliché about personal difficulties has developed into a general principle, one which I was not even aware of years ago, and which goes through a lot of plays. A kind of shorthand has been unconsciously developed between authors and audiences. A lot of these plays deal with the inability of people to communicate with each other; those I have in mind have to do with the conflict between extremely neurotic younger people and older people, but they are fundamentally falsified. There is something being left out. There is something specious about the theme. It is being portrayed purely in its own terms. The point of view in the plays is limited to that of the oppressed younger person. While sympathy may be shown for the older generation, there is no wisdom, because there is no basis of identification with the older generation. One explanation may be that there has been a collapse of a basic sense of authority in every field—and yet at the same time Authority takes on greater and greater pretensions for itself. My quarrel is that this is such a constricted viewpoint...."

"The question must be asked as to who is going to be responsible for running the world and are the complaints expressed by our young and successful writers serious or are they complaints of the immature? We have a serious play such as *Hamlet* which has the viewpoint of a man who is a son, and in that play there is the sense that the first thing that is being contested is whether Hamlet is capable of administering. But the contemporary play attempting to examine the same problem becomes *Hamlet* with everything ripped out that has to do with kingship and his aims as a mature man, with only his conflict with his mother left.

"I have become, I must confess, rather jaded with the whole attitude. I am not criticising the art with which these plays are rendered, but their limitations are becoming aesthetically ugly.

"The world and the power which controls our

existence are not visible on the stage. Our theatre is dealing with a group of people who are not so much disillusioned as congenitally lonely. It has become a private kind of drama. We have arrived at one of those times when everything is predictable. A pattern was set at the beginning of the Korean War, with the great boom that the Korean War started. We were in a state of recession before that. Then one did not know whether to look back to the New Deal or forward to some kind of new form of that. What happened was that the mood of that time developed into conformism, fear, and an atrophy of spontaneity in this country, the super organisation of life. In the arts there was an almost complete mistrust of almost anything that reflected the idea of progress except material progress. We were really in the rat race, going round in circles. . . .

"Now there is change for numerous reasons. One is boredom. The American people have a very volcanic emotional life—which is sometimes a good thing and sometimes a bad thing. There is boredom now even with what eight or nine years ago was a shockingly revolutionary sexuality on the movies. Before the second World War millions of people lived beyond their means—but they felt guilty about it. Now it has become normal and accepted to live on credit. Hedonism has dulled our sense of social responsibility. We have lost friction with the future.

America was always in a state of becoming. Now we've got there and we are uncertain whether it was the right destination. For a while we were happy because in a business sense we were the last word. Then Sputnik happened, and the doubts really took hold. We relapsed into caution, into a vegetable state, not only in the arts but also in business—they can't any longer find the old romantic breed of salesmen who invented the need for material profusion. Now American business is working on echoes. The only way they know how to fight Recession is to whip people into buying more and more. Exactly this happened in '32 and '33. The theory then was that the way to beat Depression was to manufacture fads. The newspapers had spotted in every column *Buy Now*. . . . This is my second time round. This is an old story. The pattern has got to be disorganised before the new one can develop. There is a lull now. Recession is the worm in the apple. But I believe that it will make life more social again. It seemed to many of us for a long time that the big machine was beyond the reach of young man's determination to change it. Now it can be seen to be vulnerable. . . .

"In our big car civilisation we still clutch to our breasts those chromium-plated iron hulks in the hope that they are salvation. We want salvation, but how is it to be found? By following a personal conviction of necessity."

Kenneth Allsop

George Orwell and Eric Blair

Glimpses of a Dual Life — By T. R. FYVEL

NINE years after his death, it is natural that the "debunking" of George Orwell by young writers should have been begun. For instance, Mr. Anthony West has drawn an ironic parallel between the totalitarian horrors of 1984 and Orwell's description of life at his Edwardian preparatory school. The comparison was hailed by Mr. Kingsley Amis as a "brilliant discovery"; Mr. Brian Inglis spoke of "the most damning essay in (Mr. West's) book where Orwell's fantasies are grimly related to his failure to grow up—his inability to realise that the world is not an extension of his repellent preparatory school"; and Mr. Hilary Corke (in *ENCOUNTER*, of all places) was driven to positive fervour: "Speaking purely for myself, I am prepared to cheer and laugh loudly at the exposure of Orwell as an arrested adolescent."

Mr. West's discovery is not exactly new. When a speaker on the Third Programme, at the time of publication of 1984, drew an even more lighthearted comparison between the notorious scenes in the book where rats gnaw the noses of tortured prisoners and the stuff small boys talk about in school dormitory after lights out, Orwell, who had been listening in, laughed aloud. Yet he was also ready to defend the case. He was convinced that for people who had grown up among the safe conventions of democratic England—and the intelligentsia above all—the only English parallel for the nightmare of totalitarianism was the experience of a misfit boy at an English boarding school. He even made this point explicitly in his well-known essay on Arthur Koestler. And there is no blinking the fact that, when recently pub-

lished in Warsaw, 1984 was received by young Polish intellectuals with avid appreciation and an astonishment that an English outsider should have shown such insight into Stalinist society. The fact that they were not bothered by any boarding school parallels suggests that it is Orwell's young critics who may well be parochial, in a schoolboyish way.

Biographical literary criticism is dangerous even where we know a great deal about the subject. It is doubly so in Orwell's case because he was so secretive over the stages by which he changed himself from Eric Blair (his real name) into the personality of George Orwell—witness his injunction against any biography. It was as though he laid traps in the way of closer knowledge of him. On the surface his work looks deceptively autobiographical. In his early novel, *Keep the Aspidochelone Flying*, he gave his miserable hero, Gordon Comstock, whose circumstances were closely modelled on his own, the background of a "dismal . . . peculiarly dull, shabby, dead-alive, ineffectual" family which had only briefly risen into the middle class—page after page went on about their genteel pretensions. In *The Road to Wigan Pier*, he produced a detailed sociology of the "lower upper-middle class" where a man had to pretend to know all about keeping horses while in fact he could hardly afford the price of a glass of beer. In his preparatory school reminiscence, *Such, Such are the Joys*, he drew a memorable picture of the agonies of a schoolboy whose family and financial status were inferior to those of his fellows. And so on: it all seemed put down with such apparent candour that it is hard to remember that Orwell was, in his novels, writing fiction, and in his essays presenting himself as a middle-class lay figure to be belaboured, while all the time he kept his private secrets jealously to himself.

THIS point was recently made to me forcefully by his brother-in-law, Mr. Humphrey Dakin, whose first wife was Orwell's elder sister, the late Marjorie Blair.

Mr. Dakin is to-day in his vigorous sixties; the three children of his first marriage, Orwell's nephew and two nieces, have long gone out into the world. A portrait of himself, Mr. Dakin thinks, appears in *Coming up for Air*, "though I like to think it a misreading of my character."

In his youth, he had known the Blairs at Henley-on-Thames (the scenery Orwell described in *Coming up for Air*) and after the First World War at Southwold in Suffolk. There he married Marjorie Blair, five years older than her brother. "Like all the Blairs she was undemonstrative: unlike Eric she was tolerant, warm, the sort of

human being who instinctively invites confidences." In her children's recollections she stands out as a tower of strength. "During the last years of her life she was never well, yet with a bad heart, prone also to bronchitis, she went to art classes, she embroidered, cooked in a war canteen, and all this while looking after three children and after having been blitzed out of her house." When Orwell first struggled to write, she and her mother helped where they could; just as in his later years, when he was unwell, it was his younger sister, Avril, who took over his household. Mr. Dakin therefore thinks it hard that the Blairs should go down in literary history as a "dreary" family painted in nightmare shades.

What has particularly roused Mr. Dakin's ire—and his irony, too!—is that there should have ever been a question of the family's social status. An interesting document in his possession is a late 18th-century family Bible whose inside covers contain the detailed family tree of "The Descendants of Charles Blair, Esq., and Lady Mary Blair (Fane)" to whose children the then Earl of Westmorland stood godfather. The Blairs evidently travelled far and married late. Orwell's grandfather, Thomas Arthur Blair, was born in 1802. His older children are described as "born at the Cape of Good Hope," before he settled as a Rector in Dorset. His youngest son, Richard Blair, went out to India, there to become Orwell's father. Orwell's own attachment to these antecedents is revealed by the fact that he gave his adopted son the names "Richard Horatio," both frequent family names. His mother, born Ida Limouzin, was the daughter of a French teak merchant in Burma. One of her sisters, of whom Orwell at one time saw a good deal, was an actress on the West End stage.

All this seems the reverse of a "Comstock" background, and so, evidently, was the Blair family atmosphere. By his son-in-law, Mr. Dakin, Blair senior is remembered with affection, and for some traits not unlike Orwell's own in eccentricity. "He claimed he was always cold in England. His bedroom he turned into a lovely cocoon of blankets and overcoats which had never to be disturbed. He insisted on having special suits made of thick Harris tweed by some very cheap tailor and he used to wear these things as he walked along the High Street in Southwold." To his friend Sir Richard Rees, Orwell once confessed that he felt it an appalling humiliation to have been too young to fight in the First World War while others had had to go through this frightful experience. When he went out to Spain, it was to fight, not to write. Rejected by the British Army in 1939 on health grounds, he enlisted at once in the Home Guard.

Perhaps all this is not unconnected with the fact that his own father volunteered in 1914. "The story goes," says Mr. Dakin, "that he was the oldest subaltern during the 1914-18 war—he had some job looking after mules in Marsilles..."

Mr. Dakin remembers Mrs. Blair as a woman of character and assurance. "I don't recall that she ever let money worry her unduly and of course she always spoilt Eric." Her grandchildren's impressions stress her gift for domesticity. Henry Dakin told me: "From my sixth year till I was about twelve I used to dream about going to my grandparents at Southwold—it was always so jolly." Jane Dakin, a school-teacher, adds this: "To me as a child the Blairs were *home*. I thought Grandmother a marvelous woman. When I recall her house, I always see the same picture of red and white curtains, a table looking just right and a cheerful Ideal boiler. I also remember a well-kept garden and poodles on the lawn. To this day, when I enter a house where a cosy atmosphere mingles with the smell of an Ideal boiler, I think of Grandmother Blair."

Making allowances for obvious differences of viewpoint, it seems evident that the surroundings of Orwell's youth were much more ordinary than he made out. Why, then, did he caricature his background so bitterly?

TO ASK this question is to ask why he was as he was, lived and wrote as he did: my point is that here we can hardly even guess. As his critics say, Orwell may have been "neurotic." He probably was. Yet all we can note with some certainty is the effect—that in the outcome Orwell suffered for a long time from profound difficulties in forming real relationships with people and with his surroundings, and that these difficulties were linked with his attempts to shed his personality and become some one else.

At his preparatory school, this trait is shown in his unshakeable belief that, since he was not among the richer boys, he was therefore a social outcast, so that not even a scholarship to Eton could affect the mood, which he still recollected sharply years later, of "failure, failure, failure—failure behind me, failure ahead of me." His decision not to go to Cambridge may well fit into the same pattern. A reason he once gave was that a master had advised against it—at Cambridge, among all the better-off undergraduates, he would still be out of his class, just as at school: much better go straight into the Burma police. This has a sound of rationalisation. The more one thinks of it, the less likely it seems that a schoolmaster would have advised a boy with a first-class brain not to try for a university scholarship on such spurious grounds;

and even if a master did make such a chance remark, why should Orwell have accepted it unquestioningly, unless he wanted to?

A dislike of himself as Eric Blair, a failure to maintain real relationships, seems also illustrated by his angry departure from Burma, his embrace of poverty in Paris and London and his deliberate attempts "to drop out of respectable society altogether" in order to lose his identity. The very act of writing, the creation of George Orwell as a solitary critic of his whole age, could perhaps be seen as a defiant attempt to define a new social status for himself.

Richard Rees, who published his earliest pieces in the *Adelphi*, says he had never known any young man so single-mindedly determined "to be a writer." But for an understanding of Orwell it is essential to realise, I think, that the cause of this resolve lay in more than ambition. Everything known of his early years suggests that to become George Orwell was a main need of his life. And a second point to bear in mind is how difficult the task was for him. For many years he wrote only painfully and laboriously. A glance at his early works shows how much he lacked the technical facility of the angry young men of to-day; nor, starting out as he did before young English writers had turned to every kind of politics, did he find it easy to define his own Left-wing outlook. On the contrary, his emotional relation to his own "lower upper-middle class" was hopelessly one of love-hate. He felt impelled to rail at it for its ineffectiveness, to caricature it and even to act out its abdication on his own person. But at the same time he felt as a member of his class: he regarded the passing of the old middle class virtues of conventional kindness and decency as a major loss to society and he disliked what he saw was coming afterwards. In this profound conflict of feelings lay both Orwell's weakness and strength: in the end it gave the extra dimension of depth to his work, but it also made for some of his darkest confusions at the outset.

As a young man, pitting himself against the world, he must often have appeared ludicrous to others and to himself. This is brought out the more one hears of his early life. Following on his return from Burma, in 1927, he had begun writing odd pieces of which rather few were published, and after some years of dish-washing and the like he came to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Dakin to start on his first book. This was at the height of the crisis of 1931-2, when Humphrey Dakin himself had lost his previous livelihood and with his family had found a new home in Bramley, near Leeds, in a disused old vicarage standing forlorn between the local Liberal Club and an elementary school. There

Orwell arrived. "He looked to me long, lanky, and ill, and he had no money at all apart from what his mother and aunt could send him. With my wife ill, we were not in a position to do much for him but at least we could give him a well-heated room. He remained with us for at least three months and I remember the impression he made on his sister Marjorie and myself—that he was determined to be a writer, come what may. I must confess that I thought the chance of his making a living from writing

was hopeless and I used to urge him to get out and get a job."

Mr. Dakin also thought Orwell was deliberately leading a dreary life. "I tried hard to get Eric to come to our pub round the corner in Bramley, the 'Cardigan Arms.' It was only a Yorkshire working-class local, but even in those years in the slump it was always bright, cosy, and warm, with a big fire going and quite a merry crowd in the evenings. From time to time I managed to persuade Eric to come along

Beautiful Problems

ONE can discover only something that was already there, ready to be discovered. The invention of machines and the like does produce something that was not there before; but actually, it is only the knowledge of the invention that is new, its possibility was there before. This is no mere play with words, nor is it meant to derogate from the status of discovery and invention as creative acts of the mind. I am merely referring to the important fact that you cannot discover or invent anything unless you are convinced that it is there, ready to be found. The recognition of this hidden presence is in fact half the battle: it means that you have hit on a real problem and are asking the right questions. Even painters speak of solving a problem, and the writer's work is a quest following an endless succession of literary problems. This situation is beautifully represented for sculpture in Michelangelo's unfinished *St. Matthew*, now in the Academy in Florence. We see there (as the inscription by G. B. Niccolini points out to the students of the Academy) how the artist is about to cut away the stone from around the figure that he has perceived inside the marble block. . . .

Passions seek satisfaction and intellectual passions seek intellectual joys. The most general term for the source of this joy is beauty. The mind is attracted by beautiful problems, promising beautiful solutions; it is fascinated by the clues to a beautiful discovery and pursues untiringly the prospects of a beautiful invention. In fact, we hear beauty more often mentioned to-day by scientists and engineers than by critics of art and literature. Modern criticism wants to guide understanding rather than to evoke admiration. But this is merely a change of emphasis; for all un-

derstanding appreciates the intelligibility of that which it understands, and hence the internal harmonies of a complex work of art evoke our profound admiration, simply by being understood. . . .

Even physics, though based on observation, relies heavily on a sense of intellectual beauty. No one who is unresponsive to such beauty can hope to make an important discovery in mathematical physics, or even to gain a proper understanding of its existing theories. In applied mathematics—for example, in aerodynamics—observation is much attenuated and the mathematical interest often predominates; but when we arrive at pure mathematics, as, for example, number theory, observation is effaced altogether and experience is alluded to only quite dimly in the conception of integers. Pure mathematics presents us with a vast intellectual structure, built up altogether for the sake of enjoying it as a dwelling-place of our understanding. It has no other purpose; whoever does not love and admire mathematics for its own internal splendours, knows nothing whatever about it.

And from here there is but a short step to the arts, for example, to music. Music is a complex pattern of sounds constructed for the joy of understanding it. Music, like mathematics, dimly echoes past experience, but has no definite bearing on experience. It develops the joy of its understanding into an extensive gamut of feelings, known only to those specially gifted and educated to understand its structure intimately. Mathematics is conceptual music—music is sensuous mathematics. . . .

Michael Polanyi, *THE STUDY OF MAN*
(Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1959)

to the 'Cardigan Arms,' but I could never make him join in any game or conversation. He used to sit in a corner by himself, looking like death, until it was with some relief that we'd hear him say: 'I must go home.' Through the window we'd see him walk past on the pavement, wearing a long muffler over a threadbare overcoat and no hat. The landlord used to say to me: 'That bloody brother-in-law of yours gives me the willies!' I think he gave everybody there the willies. And then half the night I'd hear his typewriter go tap, tap, tap."

In *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*, a novel about a penniless young man trying to write, we can find Orwell's own version of his sufferings in the "Cardigan Arms," Gordon Comstock, the hero, is wasting his evenings in endlessly mulling over his manuscript in his lonely room. His fellow-lodger, Flaxman, drawn as a heavy caricature of a commercial traveller, nags Gordon to come along with him round the corner to the "Crichton," offering to lend him a few bob. Gordon violently rejects this as an affront to his principles, but is then drawn to the pub as if by horrible fascination:

The saloon bar was crowded. Like all rooms seen from the outside, it looked ineffably cosy. The fire that blazed in the grate danced, mirrored in the brass spittoons. Gordon thought he could almost smell the beer through the glass.... His heart sickened. To be in there, just to be in there! In the warmth and light, with people to talk to, with beer and cigarettes and a barmaid to flirt with. After all, why *not* go in? You could borrow a bob off Flaxman. Flaxman would lend it you all right... Flaxman was a decent sort, in his way.

Yet such acceptance of ordinariness, instead of the rôle Gordon—or Orwell—had chosen, was impossible:

Gordon put his hand against the swing door. The warm fog of smoke and beer slipped through the crack. A familiar reviving smell; nevertheless as he smelled it his nerve failed him. No! Impossible to go in. He couldn't go shoving into that saloon bar with only fourpence halfpenny in his pocket.... He made off, down the dark pavement.

IT IS hard to imagine that a man torturing himself with these emotions would a few years later be writing detached, penetrating political essays. I think the clue is that at this time (1935), Orwell was already leading something of a dual life. He was, for example, already writing regularly in the *Adelphi* for Richard Rees, and doing so quietly and competently. "He was one of my most amenable contributors. I just did not think his gifts lay in the direction of the novel." *Keep the Aspidistra*

Flying, when it appeared, consequently surprised Rees. He appears in the story in the character of Ravelston, the plutocratic editor, whom Gordon Comstock criticises mercilessly. Some of the editorial office conversations, says Rees, were taken straight from life, "although he makes me talk like an idiot." On the other hand, the parts where Orwell was supposed to be railing at Rees all the time, never happened at all. "On literature he never talked to me except intelligently and gently. The rest was all below the surface."

Orwell's real "break-through" into his new personality—from Blair to Orwell—came only with his fifth book, *The Road to Wigan Pier*, an investigation into the lives of North of England unemployed, commissioned for the Left Book Club in 1936.

A point Orwell laboured heavily in the book was that a middle-class intellectual like himself had no common language with industrial workers. Mr. John Beavan, who began his journalist career in Wigan at just about that time, has neatly analysed this categorical assertion. "Orwell attacked the class barrier at its thickest and highest point. He tried to get into the manual working class and into a special sub-section of it—the miners. He chose, moreover, a sub-section of the miners—those out of work. And he chose a sub-section of the unemployed: those who lived in the worst slums." Naturally, says Mr. Beavan, Orwell failed to make contact with this submerged tenth. Had he made the more reasonable choice of staying at an educated trade unionist's house, he would not have had the same scarifying experience."

The surprising thing is how much Orwell was able to put into *Wigan Pier* as a result of these indirections. He had set out in search of fellow-feeling and was determined to look for it among the worst sufferers of all. On his own terms he was right: at the same time as he found his subject in the life of the unemployed, so, in *Wigan Pier*, he also discovered the spare, puritan descriptive style he was to employ so effectively. The cracked walls, the beetles in the cellars and the unemptied chamber pots, the unemployed miners and their wives scrambling for bits of coal on the slag heaps—all this was calmly set down to become more than just reportage, in a way literary creation.

WIGAN PIER provided the first break-through in his change of personality. Spain, where he enrolled to fight for the Republic, carried it further. Naturally, he made things about as hard for himself as he could by enlisting not in the International Brigade but in the militia of the POUM, a small extreme-left group on the Republican side, soon proscribed

by the Communists. In consequence, not only was he badly wounded at the front but on coming out of hospital he was lucky to elude arrest and possible execution by the Communists. Yet his writings make clear that in spite of the shattering events around him he was happy in Spain, and one can see the reason. There he was longer without relation to his surroundings, not struggling in solitude, but on the contrary part of a national movement, an international army, an embattled cause. The brief, fervent revolutionary springtime in Barcelona, he wrote, was to him "something I recognised immediately as a state of affairs worth fighting for." It was an atmosphere in which old self-absorption could be readily shed and his new political and literary personality could become the real one. As a result, *Homage to Catalonia* became a moving book of reportage which has long survived most of what was written about the Spanish war.

His experience in Spain was in fact a turning point both in his writings and life. Returning to England, he had found not only his convictions and style but also the identity for which he had laboured so long. He was now an established writer, he was listened to as a new critic of Communism from the Left, *Wigan Pier* was still being talked about, his essays were appearing in *Horizon* and, in America, in *Partisan Review*. In short, he had arrived; the metamorphosis of Eric Blair into George Orwell was complete and his preoccupation with himself could now be dropped and his sharp eyes (and nose) turned upon the world around him.

What now followed was fulfilment: the busy public years of George Orwell in London (with Eric Blair almost vanished from sight) which, in addition to *Homage to Catalonia*, produced *The Lion and the Unicorn*, *Animal Farm* and the planning of 1984, the much-read essays, his careful journalism—that body of work which had such a pervasive impact on a whole generation. This period also ended abruptly when Orwell announced, in 1947, that he was depart-

ing to settle on an isolated small farm on the remote Hebridean island of Jura.

WITH this departure one is brought back to the puzzling side of Orwell's nature. His wife had died two years before and the demands of London life exhausted him. Yet his withdrawal was not merely to the country, but to one of the most inaccessible spots in the whole British Isles. One can perhaps see an urge to return to his origins in this attempt to step right out of his London life and lead an isolated family existence with his sister and his small adopted son. There seems also a neurotic touch in his choice of exceptionally primitive and harsh surroundings and in the risks he took with his health. In fact this last act takes one back to the central enigma of Orwell's personality. His self-flagellation, his dislike of his earlier self—one can if one likes describe these as neurotic. Yet I suspect that psychologically this is how it had to be. It was directly from his tortuous life that he fashioned his work. As Mr. West and other critics have done, one can perhaps also without much difficulty trace neurotic touches in this work, especially in 1984. Yet in a sense this only enhances his extraordinary achievement, for if our concern is with literary value, what do these discoveries prove, any more than an enumeration of his quirks and blind spots? In the final assessment, what matters is the impact of Orwell's work, which still grows: the quality of the chapters on England in *The Lion and the Unicorn*; the fact that after him we can never look on dictatorship with the same eyes; his clear influence on the latest crop of young English Left intellectuals; the eager recognition given to 1984 in Poland; the serialisation of *Animal Farm* in an opposition newspaper in Ghana. . . .

To be sure, without the original neuroses of Eric Blair, these works might never have been written. But to try to reduce Orwell's achievements to these neuroses is as misleading as it is naïve.

BOOKS & WRITERS

Madame de Staël

By Rebecca West

MR. CHRISTOPHER HEROLD'S biography of Madame de Staël* will find its warmest admirers among those authors (and there must be several) who have considered writing such a book themselves and have given up the idea because it proved to be too good. For Madame de Staël, like Voltaire, chokes the biographer with cream. She gives him far too much material. She touched her age at so many points that to write of her means writing a history of her times; and her letters were so lively and so momentous that they brought lively and momentous replies, and nobody could bear to throw them away. Hence the shelves of our libraries groan under *études staëliennes* written by historians who have accepted their limitations and produced intensive studies of isolated incidents in her life. To treat the whole and not the part requires not only the usual gifts of a biographer but an unusual power of organisation. This Mr. Herold possesses, as also a delighted knowledge of the period. The reader is never vexed by the vision of a scholar who pecked at the 18th century in order to find a subject for his doctorate thesis, and, having found it there, was obliged to get his feed there for the rest of his life.

His only fault is the censoriousness to which biographers so often abandon themselves: the habit of despising the dead for lack of a fortitude we would never ask from the living, of pronouncing them as failures where success was never possible. To test Mr. Herold's addiction to this vice let us take a character with whom neither writer nor reader can be emotionally involved: Madame de Staël's mother, Suzanne Necker. Nothing could be more certain than that Mr. Herold, who is plainly a kindly and civilised person, would never think of judging a living woman as he judges her. When she was a beauti-

ful and brilliant and penniless girl she was jilted by Gibbon, whose father disapproved of the match, and she was extremely distressed, then and when Gibbon returned to Switzerland six years later, just after her mother had died. She then went to a number of parties, and Gibbon accused her of insincerity and pretended that she could not really have minded being jilted. Mr. Herold explains that she was not really insincere but that "this ambiguity was to run through her entire life—was, in fact, to run through the life of her daughter, or it would not be worth noting here. It was not so much insincerity as self-dramatisation." But where is the self-dramatisation? Ever since girls have been jilted and parties have been given, jilted girls have gone to parties, to forget their losses and if possible to repair them, and the process is not worth noting, except to wish them luck. But Mr. Herold pursues Madame Necker with the same uncalled-for derision throughout her life. She is felt to be fussy when she complains of a three days' confinement complicated by what the 18th century could offer in the way of obstetrics, and she is mocked because she arranged that after her death she should be suspended in a bath of alcohol within the marble mausoleum at Coppet on account of a distaste for the physical processes of corruption, which Mr. Herold himself explains she came by very honestly. When her husband was in office in France, Louis XVI put her in charge of a hospital, and with a conscientiousness not to be relied on in the great ladies of her time she actually performed her duties; and thus she discovered that the attendants occasionally sent patients to be buried before they were dead. It would be an odd sort of woman who could make such a discovery without suffering some shock, and surely it was not unnatural that she conceived a dread of premature burial and that her horror of death was greatly increased. In any case, though Madame de Staël had a right to be surprised by her mother's chosen method of

* *Mistress to an Age*. By J. CHRISTOPHER HEROLD. Hamish Hamilton. 21s.

burial, Mr. Herold has none. He has left Europe and is now editor-in-chief of Stanford University Press, throwing in his lot with over a hundred and forty million people who every year insist on wasting a colossal sum in the pointless practice of embalming their dead.

The censoriousness is to be noted and deplored because the last place where it ought to be exercised is the biography of Madame de Staël, because she has already been done to death by it. Year in, year out, she has been tittered at as a funny, and really this is quite absurd. Perhaps she was a funny, but that is not important. She was a great woman. There will always be some to question this, for her greatness lies in her services to French liberalism, and there are those who think little enough of that. Nobody will admire Madame de Staël who is a Pétainist or a member of the PC. But Lamartine tells us that when he was young "*j'étais ivre du nom de Madame de Staël*," and the line of inheritance runs through him till it has covered France with her heirs. The French themselves grudge her her due. *La Caisse Nationale des Lettres* now subsidises her, but the need for that is remarkable in a country morbid in its determination to keep the past in print; it is easier to buy the de Guérins in a French provincial town than to find *De la Littérature or Considerations sur la Révolution Française*. Yet the mass of Frenchmen give their support to de Gaulle only because they trust him to accept the essentials of a faith which (though many of them may not know it) was injected into the French consciousness by Madame de Staël; and he will certainly fall if it ever becomes clear that he denies that faith. Madame de Staël saw that the world was changing, and that society must adopt new forms, and again and again, all her life long, she insisted that those forms could survive only if men were given freedom. Her demonstrations of specific points in this doctrine, such as the necessity for a free literature, have never been better even by writers living in times which furnished more evidence for the argument.

Moreover, she prescribed something regarding the general attitude of liberalism which was of value. As Mr. Herold puts it, "what made her unique was that she sought essentially moderate goals by the most passionate means." She recognised fanaticism as a vice which sooner or later built guillotines, but she recognised also that conservatism could not destroy them, and indeed did the building at a second remove, by creating the conditions which fomented the fanaticism. The only answer, she proclaimed, was to cast out our fanaticism and conservatism alike by a passion which she called enthusiasm. This is not, however, an occasion for those who use the anti-romantic praying-wheel as a substitute for

thought, to have recourse to that toy. Madame de Staël was not recommending the surrender to emotion which was the vice of the Rousseauists. What she advocated was the use of reason without the brake of cynicism which the encyclopædists had applied to it, and the use of passion without the repudiation of culture and civilisation inherent in Rousseauism, by people who wanted to work for the fuller establishment of that harmony which they saw as the unfinished business of the natural process.

BUT Madame de Staël's supreme service to liberalism and to political science was a matter not of literature but of life. It was a prolonged action, during which she sacrificed every rag of dignity, in order to bring to the surface a tendency which might have remained latent and therefore exempt from the blame it deserved. This action was her protest against the authority of Napoleon. When he exiled her from Paris it was for reasons which, by any sane standards, were insufficient. She had inspired Benjamin Constant to oppose in the *Tribunat* a motion regarding precedence put forward by Napoleon; she had called Napoleon an ideophobe; he felt that people who talked about him with her went away liking him less; she opposed his life tenure of the Consulate and the Concordat of 1802; her father wrote a book in which he advocated certain checks on the Consulate; Napoleon's suppression of free speech was alluded to in the preface to *Delphine*. For these offences, which could be considered as offences only by a state which was a tyranny, she was exiled from Paris, which was her home, to a place where she had a right not to be simply because it was the place where she did not want to be, while the kept press of the dictatorship rejoiced over her expulsion by merciless mockery of both her body and her mind. Had she desired to be a heroine, this was the cue for a proud and silent withdrawal to Coppet. But she was less interested in herself than in life. An unjust act had been committed against her, and she wanted to protest against it, both because she was the victim and she was injured by it, and because she knew that it belonged to a type of action which, multiplied, could ruin the state.

Therefore she stood up again and again before Napoleon and asked him to rescind his sentence of exile; and again and again he tumbled her in the dust by an insulting refusal. This made her ridiculous and she knew it. When she sought for a figure with whom she might justly be compared, it was not Joan of Arc that came to her mind, it was the Irishman who kept on visiting a house to recover a debt and would not desist because they kept on throwing him out of the window, till they tried a window on the

fourth floor. She was not merely denied her civil rights and jeered at for her impotence, she was spattered with filth; at one time there were three impersonations of her on the Parisian stage. As *Delphine* shows she was extremely sensitive to public disapprobation, and her knowledge that her cause was just cannot have annulled her humiliation. But year after year she repudiated the female obligation to prefer decorum to integrity and went on proving that Napoleon was a tyrant and, furthermore, that a tyrant could never retrace his steps towards order but must always continue his journey into barbarism. Since he has not the sanction of a majority vote in an elected or elective body, he has to suppress all dissent which might destroy the illusion that if he had that vote it would be so solidly for him that the lack of it makes no matter. She and Constant worked out this in theory, but she acted it in her own flesh and blood. Her movements were restricted to a narrower and narrower area round Coppet; it became dangerous for her friends to meet her; with a broad pre-Hitlerian gesture Napoleon destroyed her book *De l'Allemagne* on the ground that its defence of democracy was "un-French." She went on with her challenge till, a middle-aged woman, sick and shocked by a bizarre turn in her personal life, she was obliged to fly from Coppet to the dubious refuge of a Europe which seemed likely to fall at any moment into the hands of her enemy.

THIS is a heroic story. Its quality might have been forgotten in the comfortable 19th century, when as peace grew fatter the Napoleonic wars began to appear like a huge sporting event, and anybody who attacking his legend seemed a blasphemer who might some day be found ploughing up the pitch at Lords. But now that we have had Hitler and Mussolini and Stalin it is clear that Madame de Staël knew very well what she was doing; and this indeed Mr. Herold recognises. His book gives a handsome picture of her historic rôle. But time after time he flicks contempt at some isolated act of hers, so that the reader hears with one ear that she was a great woman, and with the other that she was a fool. It is suggested that she was always wrong on immediate questions of politics, but on very questionable grounds. In the French Revolution she and her family were constitutionalists, and Mr. Herold declares that this was a very silly thing to be; but this is a view one can only hold if one is the sort of historian who holds that the liberal members of the Duma were contemptible fellows, and that is a very silly sort of historian to be. He suggests that Madame de Staël and her husband were naïve and tactless when they sent Gustavus III despatches announc-

ing that the Revolution was inevitable. But does he think badly of the foreign diplomats who, in St. Petersburg, during 1916 and 1917, warned their home governments that the Tsardom was doomed? His disapproval ranges over many fields. He alleges that *Réflexions sur la Paix Intérieure* shows "complete indifference to the condition of the masses" because it supports a limited suffrage, which holds up a hoop to her age which it could not possibly be expected to clear; Elizabeth Fry and Wilberforce and Shaftesbury would all have been with her. He repeats Crabb Robinson's story that she told him that what she could not understand was not worth understanding, without giving us David Glass Larg's reasons for disbelief. Madame de Staël had, it appears, annoyed Crabb Robinson in several ways, not least by an obstinate enquiry as to what, if anything, Schelling meant by his celebrated aphorism, "Architecture is frozen music." (This was indeed a brutal thing to do to that poor noodle, always half-seas over owing to immoderate consumption of German romanticism; one has to admit that there were reasons for disliking her.)

These gibes do not prevent Mr. Herold's book from being very good; they only prevent it from being still better. His account of her life at Coppet is convincing because he perceives that it really must have been very amusing, and he records the happiness that all sorts of people, including Byron, found there. The marathon of amateur theatricals sounds horrible, but it was to the taste of her time; Voltaire had held the same sort of orgy. The Comtesse de Boigne found it all very distressing; but she was the kind of woman who was impelled to call her reminiscences *Souvenirs d'Une Tante* and nobody was ever *ivre de son nom*, so it was natural that she should not understand why people should keep their doors open all day and walk in and out of each other's rooms talking about ideas and go on doing so late into the night. Mr. Herold gives a fair enough account of the personality who was for so long the daemon of the household, who provided the spark that touched off the fire in Madame de Staël, often to provoke an explosion of rage, often to dispel darkness by a display of intellectual aurora borealis.

THEIRS was one of the most notable battles in the sex-war: a single-handed conflict between two field-m Marshals. It cannot be understood without a complete knowledge of Constant's numerous essays at self-revelation, notably the *Journaux Intimes*, which have been published piece-meal and have not been mastered by many of his biographers nearly as well as they have by Mr. Herold. Everything about Constant

was paradoxical. Half of what he wrote is lame and pompous and without a gleam of technical accomplishment; the other half is so brilliant and so easy that the reader cannot believe that he would not want to read every word that came from that pen. His two-fold sexual nature was as remarkable, and highly inconvenient to his associates. It is not uncommon for a man with imperious sexual needs to hate women, but Constant's case was more complex. His sexual needs were certainly imperious; it is an odd coincidence that the middle-aged woman who formed his mind and character when he was young, Madame de Charrière, was a friend of Boswell, for the rueful and clownish entries in his diary recording his debauches with prostitutes might have been written by Boswell. But he had also a real liking for women, for the wittiest, the cleverest, the most refined women; he enjoyed their talk and their sort of intelligence and their company. Nevertheless he hated them.

Madame de Staël comes off badly in his diary, first as Minette, and then as Biondetta, then, as the chill sets in, as Madame de S. But she fares no worse than other women. He thought from time to time of marrying a couple of Genevese heiresses and savages them in entry after entry, prodding their dull minds to see the stupid motions of their thought, grimacing at their ugly faces and their flat chests. Charlotte von Hardenberg, whom he married during his association with Madame de Staël, is nagged at year in and year out, before and after their marriage. During his elderly passion for Juliette Récamier, who was mildness itself except when her remarkable courage was aroused, he denounces her at the very noon of his desire in terms appropriate to Regan and Goneril. The intensity of his loathing for the female blooms in a perfect phrase which forms part of a meditation on the advisability of marrying a girl of sixteen. While a grown woman's character is already formed and will resist alteration, he points out, "*dans une fille de 16 ans, vous voyez l'ennemi de sa naissance, et vous pouvez prendre vos mesures.*" Mr. Herold enables us to realise all that and still to realise that he must have been the most enchanting of companions, and in spite of all his lechery, gambling, ingratitude, and parasitism, a sincere idealist. This is a quite common type and not to be despised. Such people are like those enthusiasts who understand music, listen to it with pleasure, promote concerts, subscribe to the publication of new compositions, but cannot play an instrument themselves.

It is notorious that Constant wearied of their association fairly soon after it was formed and that she kept him by her side against his will for many years; and that when he married Charlotte von Hardenberg she refused to let him go

and did all she could to break up the marriage, and indeed succeeded in keeping her with him for some months after she learned that he was another woman's husband. It appears, too, that this possessiveness had not even the dignity of fidelity, as a stream of young men passed through Coppet with whom she had amorous relations. Mr. Herold very handsomely concedes one main factor in the situation which other biographers have ignored: the extreme difficulty Madame de Staël was bound to encounter in having any sexual life at all. It is easy enough to find a Dresden shepherd to stand opposite the Dresden shepherdess on the chimney-piece. But it would not be easy to find a pair for the figure of Ste Foy in the Treasury at Conques, squat and clumsy, though made of gold and studded with jewels. It was not that she was too plain to exercise attraction, for many men were in love with her. It is not that she had not an amiable character; though she had a violent temper, that was balanced by many virtues, including a power to forgive injuries rare in that vengeful age. But she was too clever, too energetic, and above all too significant. Nobody could blame a man for not wanting to go to bed with Napoleon's chief enemy.

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DENT

BUT there were other considerations of which Mr. Herold takes too little account. One would like to argue with him on the nature of Constant's relations with Madame de Staël. It is certain that for the greater part of their association he was not her lover in the physical sense. He is quite explicit about that. It might appear from several passages that she accepted this situation reluctantly, and at one point he writes "*je ne voudrais pas qu'on me demandât de l'amour*," but there are entries which suggest that all she wanted was "*le langage d'amour*." It must be remembered that there were two things which Madame de Staël dreaded above all others. She was afraid of marriage and she was afraid of having an illegitimate child. The *Code Napoléon*, under which she lived for part of the relevant period, justified her first fear. Under Article 1,421 it is enacted that a husband administers the property he holds in community with his wife and may sell it, alienate it, and pledge it without the concurrence of his wife, who is elsewhere forbidden to give away any portion of her property without the special consent of her husband, and under Article 1,388 spouses are denied the right to make a marriage contract which would derogate from the power of the husband over his wife. As for her other fear, she had had two children by Narbonne but while she was married to de Staël. After he had died her situation was grave, for she put herself in danger of a special legal procedure peculiar to Switzerland. We know that she felt these two fears to an acute degree, for when she had an illegitimate child by John Rocca, at the age of forty-three, she adopted the most stringent precautions to keep the birth secret, but did not extricate herself from her plight by marrying him beforehand. Indeed, she did not become his wife until her daughter had married and received her dowry, and it was certain that Rocca, who was suffering from tuberculosis, would predecease her only surviving son.

It is therefore probable that Madame de Staël, after her separation from her husband in 1797, had no physical relations with Constant. This might not have been true before that separation, but that seems unlikely, because she was then deeply in love with Ribbing, a Swedish nobleman who had been banished from his country on account of his complicity in the assassination of Gustavus III. Mr. Herold thinks that she was Constant's mistress at this period and that her daughter, Albertine, born in 1797, was his child. But he has been convinced by a resemblance between Albertine and Constant which surely lies in the eye of the beholder; Albertine's portraits show a strong likeness to her grandmother, Suzanne Necker, and the only feature she pos-

sessed in common with Constant was red hair. But there is red hair and red hair, and Albertine's seems not to have been the same shade as Constant's, and in any case she might have inherited it from de Staël's Scandinavian ancestry. For de Staël was in Switzerland with his wife when she conceived the child, and was travelling with her during the fourth month of her pregnancy. But it was just about that time that Constant first told his relatives that he wished to end his association with Madame de Staël, and this seems most unlikely if he were the father of her child. For he was extremely anxious to marry her for financial reasons, as his diary makes plain, and he might have been able to use his paternity as a weapon to force her to divorce de Staël and marry him.

It is true that in 1804 he wrote in his diary, "*Mon Albertine est un charmant enfant. Je n'ai jamais vu plus d'esprit, ni plus de mon esprit, ce qui pour moi est un grand mérite.*" But he may simply have meant, "This child is my kind of human being"; and that single phrase has little weight compared to the implications of the correspondence passing in 1815 when Madame de Staël asked Constant to repay at once a debt of eighty thousand francs which they had previously arranged he was to repay by a legacy in his will. Her letters are furious. She felt that she was justified in seeking to alter the arrangements because she believed that his submission to the authority of Napoleon had brought him personal profit and had heard that he had been gambling heavily, and she wanted the money for Albertine, who had fallen in love with the young Duc de Broglie, and could not marry him unless she had a substantial dowry, as his family had been ruined during the Revolution. Though Madame de Staël entirely lost her self-control when she made this demand, never once does she reproach Constant because it is his own daughter whose happiness he was jeopardising, nor does any entry in his diary suggest that he was defaulting not only as a debtor but as a father.

It is at least possible that Constant had never been her lover, unless that word is used in the sense of a partner in a union of souls; and it is to be remembered that that age could contemplate that sort of union very easily because it found it quite natural to divide life into watertight compartments. Axel Fersen attended Versailles all day and trembled with romantic passion for Marie Antoinette, and at night returned to Paris and the arms of a mistress for whom he felt deep affection. It seems likely that Madame de Staël had an aptitude remarkable even in her time for erotic relationships which were never consummated, and there is significant evidence to support that theory in her very

curious letters to the saintly and brilliant Comte François de Pange. Mr. Herold speaks of a "pursuit" and it is evident that the Count shared his view, at the beginning of their correspondence at any rate; but the letter she wrote on hearing of his marriage makes it plain that up till that time she had thought of him as a homosexual. What she wanted, and what she seems to have got from a number of people, was the kind of a-sexual sexual relationship sanctioned by the legendary Courts of Love in Provence. But what she needed was another matter; and it is not difficult to understand the scenes between Constant and Madame de Staël which are described by Sismondi, when they "lashed out at each other with every insult that fury and hatred can inspire."

If this view can be accepted Madame de Staël's refusal to let Constant go to his wife can be understood. He told her again and again that he could find happiness only with her, and wrote the most passionate love-letter of his life to her when he was on his way to meet Charlotte, who might be described as unfortunate had she not herself been made of *aes triplex*. Madame de Staël was, as her whole career shows, an obstinate woman who would not accept defeat. The way she was living was the only way she could live, there was no alternative. Nothing was open to her but this substitute of rhapsody for reality, and so she pretended that the substitution was all that not only she but anybody could wish for, and that Constant could be satisfied with plenty of conversation, a roof over his head, and a sexless intimacy, supplemented by what he called "*les tristes et ignobles ressources que des camarades de libertinage peuvent m'offrir.*" Therefore she made public battle to break up the marriage which he had made her believe had been forced on him, and restore him to what she thought was his chosen home at Coppet, only to find that he presently left her in the manner of one escaping from a kidnapper. It is odd that it does not seem to occur to those who have written of this lamentable business that her letters of reproach to Constant are inspired in great part by resentment at the prolonged deception which had led her to make a fool of herself before the whole world.

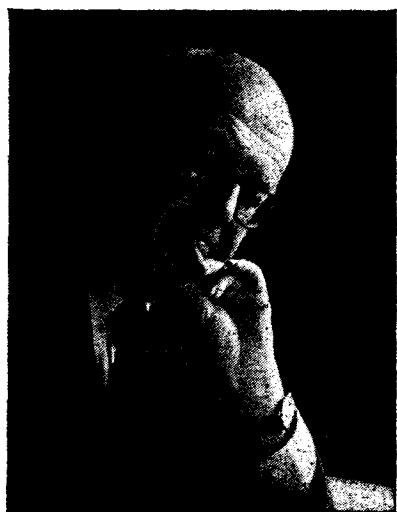
ALL this, and *Adolphe* too. The sting of that book must have lain in the title. The only two men whom Madame de Staël deeply loved, with a passion that was more than cerebral, were Narbonne and Ribbing. Both deserted her. She seems (to judge from the researches of Madame Renée Tharaud) to have loved Ribbing even better than Narbonne and to have felt his desertion grievously. His Christian name was Adolphe. It is not easy to imagine how Con-

stant, who had been her constant companion during the relationship and its collapse, could have called his book by that name in the first place or could, six years later, have published it under the same title. This must have been a lacerating misfortune for Madame de Staël. She might well have lain down and died. But it was part of the indigestibility of Madame de Staël that she continued to make the best of life, travelled, quarrelled, rioted with fantastic guests such as the mad Viennese poet Werner, wrote funny little plays and acted *Phèdre*, and turned the ultimate buffoonery of marriage with a stupid boy twenty years her junior into something quite different.

As Herold shows us, that stupid boy was not so stupid. Madame de Staël's remark that "words were not his language," which has so often been leered over, had a respectable meaning. Just as Madame de Staël's refusal to accept Napoleon's sentence of exile worked out not in polemics but by behaviour the case against dictatorship, so Rocca worked out not in words but in being the romantics' case for the natural man. The child of a Genevese patrician family, he rebelled against the austere Calvinism of his home by becoming a superb athlete, a swimmer and marksman and mountain climber, and by

dreaming of glory and fighting in Napoleon's army through the Peninsular war. There he learned that when a number of natural men gather together nature may take a course harmful to nature. He returned with his magnificent body crippled for life and infected with tuberculosis. When he returned to Geneva he found a fresh method of expressing revolt against the Calvinist complex by falling in love with the woman whom the Genevese had always loathed and distrusted. When he was reminded that she was old enough to be his mother he replied that he was glad to have yet another reason for loving her. It was as well that time had not yet brought psychoanalysis into being, for the emotion he expressed served both him and her very well.

In 1817, when Madame de Staël was fifty, she was struck down by a cerebral haemorrhage and thereafter lay paralysed, tormented by a still active mind. Rocca, too, was very near his end. Knowing this, she dreaded going to sleep, lest she should wake and learn that he was dead. Rocca met her need by promising that if she would go to sleep he would wake her up after five minutes. He kept his promise, then got her to sleep, for ten minutes; and lengthened the times till she could have her night's rest. It is as if the legend of Oedipus were given a happy



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ending; and indeed it was the ambition of the romantic spirit to contrive that the plots of circumstance should be frustrated, and man spared the indignity of the rope and the empty eye-sockets. They both died before the year was out; and then there began for her a posthumous career of biological triumph which has its ironical aspect.

MANY people know nothing of Madame de Staël except that she once asked Napoleon what woman he thought the greatest and he answered, "The one who makes the most children." There was no point in the riposte, even when it was made, for Madame de Staël had four children by the time she was thirty, while Napoleon's paternity was exiguous and difficult. But the remark was to become splendidly ridiculous. The Bonaparte stock has vanished into obscurity. Madame de Staël, through Albertine, has become the ancestress of a constellation of talent. The brightest stars in her descent are the two great physicists, Maurice and Louis de Broglie. The substance and effects of their work would have interested Madame de Staël, who once remarked that humanity must develop its moral nature lest the discoveries of science be turned to improper uses. But their methods also would have interested her. For Louis de Broglie has explained that he was moved to make his ascription of wave nature to imponderable particles (the development of which gained him a Nobel Prize) by the intellectual beauty of the hypothesis. With delight he recognised another manifestation of a harmony already disclosed to him by science. This is what Madame de Staël meant by enthusiasm. Mr. Herold did well to re-tell her story. She was created in a most enthusiastic moment of nature.

Egyptian Triangle

Bankers and Pashas. By DAVID S. LANDES.
Heinemann. 30s.

Egypt. By TOM LITTLE. *Benn.* 30s.

Egypt in Transition. By JEAN and SIMONNE
LACOUTURE. *Methuen.* 35s.

THESE three books about Egypt are by an American economic historian, a British journalist, and a husband-wife duet of French journalists. Each is very good and each makes its special contribution in the same field in which those three nations have related themselves to Egypt. Professor Landes, the American, is interested in the flow of money to Egypt, Mr. Little in government, and the Lacoutures in culture. And all of them touch the very live questions of colonialism in a country which has

now emerged from virtually every one of its forms and vestiges.

In *Bankers and Pashas*, Professor Landes tells the engrossing story of the French international banker, Edouard Dervieu, who, in 1863, became private financier to the Viceroy of Egypt, Ismail Pasha. Using the correspondence between Dervieu and his own financier in Paris, Alfred André, Professor Landes skilfully ties together the strands of European finance-capitalism of the late 19th century and its operations in Egypt. The U.S. Civil War cut Europe off from the source of nearly all of its cotton, forcing it to turn to Egypt and India. The resulting high prices and vaulting sales brought Egypt considerable prosperity, inflation, and a scramble for cotton acreage in which the Viceroy himself was a leader. In 1863, his personal income was 10 million francs, state revenue 150 million, and expenditures more than twice that figure. This, as Professor Landes says, gives one an "idea of the sort of client Dervieu was dealing with."

While Dervieu served Ismail, he was in turn financed by André in Paris. Dervieu had gone from Marseilles to Alexandria in search of a quick fortune. In the cut-throat atmosphere of international finance in Egypt, full of uncertainties in government and economy, he was adventurous. A staunch French patriot whose nationalism sometimes was unprofitable, Dervieu was in a way the prototype of the chauvinistic Algerian *colon*. André in Paris, however, had a different perspective and personality. "The scion of seven generations of Huguenot bankers," he headed a cautious house involved in large international operations "for a small, intimate circle of business-men and investors, one of many such circles built around similar banks."

The social position and character of both men is revealed in a letter from André in response to Dervieu's request to support a plan for governmental intervention to protect French against British interests in Egypt. First André told his impetuous client simply: "You write too much." He continued:

You are too honest and too trusting for the world in which circumstances have placed you. You imagine that because you are animated with righteous intentions and because you are seeking for yourself and your country nothing but things that are open and above board, you can write letters and notes, play around with the wheels of politics, stir the interest or awaken the spirit of intrigue of certain personages, and all that without danger to your personal position! I implore you, take care! Your interests run the risk of being seriously compromised if indiscretions are committed, if your remarks are reported and twisted, as will surely be the case, if you expose yourself to having your confidential communications intercepted by those who are seeking arms against the present government of Egypt. Are

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you the one to become their ally? . . . Confine yourself, believe me, to regretting within what goes on without.

Much of the time, Professor Landes shows, these two types of bankers combined to exploit the vanity, greed, ignorance, and weakness of the Egyptian viceroy. His treasury was "simply a grab-bag" for the European business-men, whose main effort was to discover how to induce him to spend, to get him to borrow on good terms for the lenders and "how to keep him on a leash." But Ismail himself was no babe in the woods. He wanted conveniences and he paid for them; if he was exploited, his exploiters ran risks and some (like Dervieu himself) were "badly squeezed" and even milked dry. The picture that emerges is not so much of European capitalism exploiting the "natives," but of Europeans and local rulers combining and competing to abuse the Egyptian people and resources. The Europeans had two standards of business practice (Professor Landes tells us) which they justified on the ground that they could not "adjust" to the backward society of Egypt; the restraints incorporated in business ethics at home could not, they felt, apply in a different setting. So they went about their "unprincipled exploitation with clear, untroubled consciences," imposing not only enormous material costs upon the Egyptians but also an "inferior social and moral status" and "spiritual humiliation" whose results we still see in the underdeveloped world's resistance, even to its own detriment, to Western enterprise.

It is in Tom Little's book that we get the fullest story of the shaping of Egyptian political institutions by the seventy years' clash between the foreign ruler and native aspirants (and then at times a more nationalist challenger, yielding the eternal Egyptian triangle of the British, the Palace, and the Wafd). Even before 1900 Egyptian resentment against the failure to promote self-government outweighed satisfaction with the "material progress and orderly administration" brought by Cromer. Mr. Little shrewdly points out that Cromer could not encourage self-government because "he measured government not by standards that Egyptians would be prepared to accept for themselves but by standards that would ensure the economic stability required for the well-being of foreigners."

So the tragi-comedy moved on to its inevitable conclusion. No agreement was possible between the British, who wanted to stay and govern, and the Egyptian élite, who wanted the British to leave so that *they* could govern. It was irrelevant which party could govern in Egypt's best interests, however these might be defined. What mattered was that a native élite wanted to supplant the foreign one and would be satisfied

with no compromises on the issue of independence—not even with those to which they actually agreed. Paradoxically, it was the British-French attack upon Suez in 1956 which (as Mr. Little says) “practically completed the work of the Egyptian movement” to remove foreign political and economic domination, for the nationalisation of the canal had preceded the attack and “Egyptianisation” as well as a general exodus of the foreign “colony” followed it. “The Port Said invasion,” he adds, “did the work of Egyptianisation in a year that President Nasser would have taken a decade or more to accomplish. . . .”

The young Army officers who, under Nasser's leadership, took power in 1952 were the product of resentment against the Egyptian triangle of the British, the Palace, and the Wafd. As Mr. Little says, “the longest and deepest root from which the revolution grew was resistance to the British occupation,” which, as the strongest side of the triangle, was the last to go. The monarchy went in 1952, the Wafd in 1953, and the British began to go in 1954. And in 1955, Egypt, as a small country, found it had to gravitate one way or the other in the world-wide division, and chose to move “eastward.” On this régime itself, the Lacoutures' *Egypt in Transition* is probably the best book that has appeared. Like Mr. Little, they begin with ancient Egypt, but they reach 1952 sooner and tell us more about social life since then. Mr. Little suffers severely by comparison. Too much of his book is a dry recital of political moves and counter-moves. In a supposedly general account of Egypt in a series called “The Nations of the Modern World” he gives too much attention to the *state* and its formal politics and not enough to the social and economic life of the people for whom the government has always been remote or alien. How Egypt is turning into a modern nation-state is far better shown in the Lacoutures' book. Their chapters on the *coup d'état*, the conflict between Nasser and Neguib in 1954, the quality of life in Cairo, the arts, Nasser's personality, the revolutionary and non-revolutionary aspects of his régime—all these are especially outstanding reportage and analysis in a book that is brilliant throughout. They manage somehow to be neither friendly nor hostile to Nasser, but are both sympathetic and critical.

How revolutionary are the officers who like to speak of their movement as a total change from what preceded? The Lacoutures say that if a revolution must have a definite ideology, if it must favour the interests of one social class and suppress another (and change “the relations to the means of production”), then Egypt has not had a revolution. But the *coup d'état*, they add, “did open the way to something like a revolu-

tion. . . . And however strange this might appear to the foreign observer, perhaps the military government's most fundamental claim to be *revolutionary* is that at last, through them, Egypt was governed by Egyptians.” The great lesson they have taught is that things can be changed; the forces they have loosed, the desires and tastes they have stimulated, may one day transform Egypt fundamentally by the accumulation of changes adopted empirically, without any overriding ideology, except that of “getting rid of foreign domination” and “building national strength.”

At the risk of seeming ungrateful or pedantic, I must point out that of these three well-written books only one, *Bankers and Pashas*, shows corresponding care regarding the details of writing and publishing. The other two are quite deplorable. Mr. Little gives us no chapter headings; presumably he thought the chronological organisation of his book makes them unnecessary. There are errors in his index and he misspells Arabic words which he could (and should) have avoided using in the first place if they were not going to be checked by someone competent to do so. He is cavalier, especially in the bibliography, about spellings, names, and titles. The Lacoutures are just as bad in the same

BERLIN:

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BARRIE AND ROCKLIFF

way, and their original errors are augmented by many the translator has supplied. (If it is careless of the Lacoutures to mis-spell the name of a famous British engineer—he has a Cairo street named for him—what can we say about an English edition which compounds instead of corrects the error?) Footnotes are mysteries to Mr. Little and the Lacoutures; they quote and paraphrase but neglect to identify their sources in any adequate way. And the Lacoutures' translator has done worse. They had poorly translated into French statements from English books and documents; their translator, instead of going back to the original English sources (which, of course, the Lacoutures do not cite fully) proceeds to re-translate the French into English. Good books owe themselves better treatment than this.

Morroë Berger

American Expatriates

The Dream of Arcadia: American Writers and Artists in Italy, 1760-1915. By VAN WYCK BROOKS. *Dent*. 25s.

WHEN a speaker begins, "With all due respect, I..." we can be sure he intends to show disrespect. Similarly, when a reviewer says it is wrong to attack a book for not being another kind of book, the odds are that he will nevertheless dwell upon the kind of book *he* would have preferred.

If we concede that such manoeuvres are unjust and illogical, there is not a great deal of fault to find with Mr. Brooks' latest contribution to Americana. He was a very young man when he published his first work, *The Wine of the Puritans*, just half-a-century ago. It was followed by several caustic and influential studies of America's cultural sterility. He went on writing at a brisk pace. But he recanted and mellowed; his later books have affectionately evoked the American past. He has discovered that much more was going on than he formerly supposed, and of a far nicer sort: writers, scholars, artists, eccentrics by the dozen, in every corner of the United States. His literary America, his Brooks Farm as presented in the five-volume *Makers and Finders*, is an enormous costume-piece mural, crammed with worthy and often lovable characters who smile out through the varnish.

For so knowledgeable and genial an author the story of Americans in Italy was a thoroughly appropriate subject. Many were called and in the golden light all could believe that they were chosen—Hiram Powers, Horatio Greenough and other sculptors; Cooper and Longfellow and Margaret Fuller; Howells, Henry James, Francis Marion Crawford (son of the best of the

American sculptors), Charles Eliot Norton and so on, a profusion of figures for a mural, forever descending the Spanish Steps or holding lanterns aloft in the darkened Colosseum. Delightful material, delightfully documented—in the comments of Ruskin and the Brownings, for example, or in James' tender memoir of *William Wetmore Story and His Friends*. Episodes place themselves. Thus, there is something splendidly right in the circumstances of the first of all the American arrivals in Rome, that of the painter Benjamin West in 1760. A blind cardinal-connoisseur, fascinated by this New World phenomenon, runs his hand over West's head and asks whether the young man is white or black. Next day, West sustains expectation; taken to view the Apollo Belvedere, he declares, "How like a Mohawk warrior!"

So the book goes on. Lots of local colour, anecdote, intriguing glimpses of obscure figures such as the "American Titian," William Page, and the gypsified savant Charles Godfrey Leland. Edith Wharton turns up, and Bernard Berenson, and Gertrude Stein's not-yet-eclipsed brother Leo. The expatriates' trays are thick with one another's calling cards when Mr. Brooks brings his parade to a graceful close. Those were the days! Where, we wonder wistfully with him, are the *contadini* and *pifferari* of yesteryear?

And yet one insists that it should have been a different book. Mr. Brooks has not gone badly wrong, but he has not seized the opportunity to be importantly right. His method is mellifluous, allusive and undifferentiated. There is no saving sense of chronology. One author or artist begins to appear pretty much like any other. We lose ourselves among drooping garlands of dependent and semi-dependent clauses. Everybody, we gather, was acquainted with everybody else, or with everybody else's father or mother; or might have been if they had taken the trouble. In this benevolent blur the really meaningful relationships are mentioned but not with sufficient emphasis. We never properly learn, either, what these people knew about themselves: what happened to them *as Americans*. An *improvisatore* prophesied that Benjamin West would become "an instrument chosen by heaven to raise in America a taste for those arts that elevate the nature of man, an assurance that his country will afford a refuge to science and knowledge when in the old age of Europe they forsake her shores." The prophecy misfired. As Mr. Brooks observes, West went to live in England where at length he succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy. If he trained the next generation of American painters, he did so in London, and most of them like himself were expatriates.

Henry James, writing of Story and Story's contemporaries, referred to them as "absentees" and "exiles"—fairly sharp words. Reading between his lines we see how acutely aware James was of the price that Story and his kind paid for their Italian idyll, how the good life somehow precluded the great art. Henry Adams, commenting on the memoir in a letter to James, was less discreet:

What you say of Story is at bottom exactly what you would say of Lowell, Motley, and Sumner, barring degrees of egotism.... God knows that we knew our want of knowledge! the self-distrust became introspection—nervous self-consciousness—irritable dislike of America, and antipathy to Boston. *Auch ich war in Arcadien geboren!*

So you have written not Story's life, but your own and mine—pure autobiography.... You make me curl up, like a trodden-on worm. Improvised Europeans, we were, and—Lord God!—how thin!

Mr. Brooks does not quote such sources, and dodges the issue that they raise. Having identified America's "usable past" he is in no mood to challenge it. Apparently it is America's usable present he is uncertain of. This book, in common with the last volume of the *Makers and Finders* series, stops at 1915 except for some perfunctory asides that indicate his distaste for modern American literature. Long ago he said his piece about alienation and expatriation (in *The Pilgrimage of Henry James*, 1925): now he passes over the problem.

I do not mean that we are obliged to accept Henry Adams' analysis. On the contrary, one might usefully quarrel with it. From the evidence compiled though not assessed by Mr. Brooks one might assert the inevitability and the desirability of expatriation for Americans. For Americans in much the same way as for the fogbound British. How close was the Anglo-American connection in Italy, how Anglo-American was the network of William Wetmore Story's friends, and how congenial in the main. It is hard to make the point nowadays without appearing old-fashioned or propagandist. But to lay stress only on the unique elements of nineteenth-century American culture is to miss something essential, and not necessarily pathetic or puerile. *Were* Story and his friends so thin? Mr. Brooks does not tell us. He has given up books which uphold theses. With all due respect, I feel he is not trying hard enough. A book of this sort, based on a lifetime's reading of his sort, should be more solid. It should, to turn round Archibald MacLeish's dictum of a poem, not *be* but *mean*.

Marcus Cunliffe

FROM THE OTHER SHORE

Sholokhov in London

HE COULD not help looking incongruous: a Cossack peasant writer, very much like a character out of his *And Quiet Flows the Don*, squatting on a small chair (smoking *papyrossi*, gold teeth flashing) in the Victorian orangerie of the proletarian embassy in Kensington's "Millionaire Row."... There has been so little (and so little accurate) on the extraordinary West-European tour of this distinguished Russian novelist that perhaps our own notebook jottings may have some documentary interest.

In the hall: a huge portrait of Lenin (bigger, by measurement, than Sputnik III). Two smaller pictures of Khrushchev and Voroshilov. No Stalin picture in sight. Young, very busy, very eager Soviet attachés escort the old man in. Only about a dozen of us present for the "Press conference." Sholokhov begins by praising "the technical achievements of British agriculture." Gives with much gusto his impressions of "cattle-raising in Maidenhead," which he has apparently just seen. Goes on to the question of the relative merits of straw as fodder for cattle or pigs, but is interrupted. Allows himself (thank God) to be side-tracked on to issues of more literary interest.

Objects to Western notions of the true condition of literary freedom in Russia. Says "there is enough, more than enough." Denies all rumours circulating about the delays in the appearance of his own long-announced novels. "I write so very slowly," he says (trying hard, we think, to be more charming than convincing). "Writers are lazy people. And some even prefer quality to quantity..." (A rather un-Marxist remark, but they're not so dialectical these days at the Soviet Embassy.) He does report that he has just finished the second volume of *The Virgin Soil Upturned*. Another novel, *They Fought for Their Country*, will also be published "soon." Says all this casually, with an obvious disdain for personal literary gossip, and also a somewhat distressing underestimation of the keen almost scholarly interest of the journalists present in his career. They know (but does he know they know?) that the first eight chapters of the second volume of *Virgin Soil Upturned* had already appeared in 1955 in several magazines, that there were well-known "difficulties" with the novel's first volume as far back as 1931, that it took intervention on the part of the Central Committee to shake his stuff loose in 1932, that his novels appeared again in 1953 (substantially revised along Stalinist lines), that the 1956-57 editions reveal new cuts (the old revisions) and new additions (the original pages). Oh, the consternation in Stockholm if Sholokov is ever considered for a Nobel Prize! Pasternak may be a "traitor," but he never betrayed his poetry; what editions of Sholokov will be Swedish Academy be offered to read?

On to Pasternak, again and again. The interpreter looks perturbed, even flustered; the attachés a bit impatient. Sholokhov does not confirm the remark which (according to *L'Express* and *Les Lettres Françaises*) he made in Paris:

It was a mistake to forbid the publication of *Doctor Zhivago*. The managers of the Union of Soviet Writers lost their nerve. It should have been left to the readers to fight the battle against Pasternak. The novel isn't worth much. It's an amorphous mass which should have been seriously revised and reconsidered before it ever saw the light of day. . . .

Still thinks the novel isn't worth much. But now says that it's better it remains unpublished (in Russia, that is). Apparently doesn't take very seriously its best-selling popularity in the West (does he really believe it's all "anti-Soviet hullabaloo . . . ?"). For him it's a "shapeless novel." Could have been written by a beginner. "Like Dudintsev," he says. Pasternak is a poet, but "a poet for old maids." This is the true Don Cossack note, the peasant on the poet, the country lad (close to pigs and straw) *v.* the city boy (close to easel and piano).

But why not let the book be published? If it is so bad, so irrelevant, how much harm would be done? Because, he says, "it slandered the Soviet intelligentsia." (We feel like remarking that in view of the record of the Soviet intelligentsia, especially in the murderous days of the blood-purges, "slander" would seem like a very mild final reckoning; but we suppress it.) Anyway, he, Sholokhov, was not interested in "meddling" in other people's work. Personally, he preferred "fresh food to stinking stuff. . . ." (Much method in his metaphors.) Down on the farm, he adds saltily, they used to say, "Weakly done, blind born." (The interpreter has trouble with this.)

Questions are still flying: no end to *Zhivago*. How can he be so sure that Russian readers would reject what nobody has been able to read? Enough has been read of it, he argues, in the well-known "Letter of Rejection" by the Editors of *Novy Mir*. Would he then be prepared to have his own novels judged in this way, on the basis of an arbitrary selection of quotations (say, those omitted from the second edition)? "Generally," he replies evasively, "I am in favour of comradely criticism. . . ." Seems also to be in favour of meeting with Western writers and colleagues. "Cultural co-existence"? "We will meet with anybody . . . even with our declared opponents . . . even with Fascists of Western Germany . . . so long as they don't think they can propagandise me! . . ." (This seems to be the new cultural strategy, for Surkov has repeated this suggestion at the recently-held Congress of the Soviet Writers.)

A last Pasternak question? The interpreter takes a new grip on himself. Sholokhov smiles, lights another *papyross*. What hope for world letters would there be if only "fully integrated and balanced works of art" were allowed to see the light of publication? What chances would there be for full literary employment (especially in the West) if every author's book that could be interpreted as being "slandrous" (*Castro v. Greene, Faubus v.*

Faulkner, de Gaulle v. Sagan, Shirley Temple v. Nabokov) were to be filed away under forbidden manuscripts? Finally, where would your masterpieces be—"Victor Hugo!" we said; "Zola!" we added; (Joyce's *Ulysses*, we withheld)—if the short tempers and the shortsighted opinions of contemporaries were to be given permanent validity? But these were only our own final distraught interventions, and after two long hours of give-and-take nobody wanted, expected, or got an answer.

*

Kafka and K.

IN 1956-57 Franz Kafka was rediscovered in Poland, and taken to be "a realist precursor of the surrealist reality." He had apparently anticipated what they, the Poles, had been living through during "the era of errors and distortions." Recently one critic said: "If the idea of *The Castle* be interpreted as Communism, the geometrician K. might well be a model of a Communist. . . ." According to the same critic, Kafka's heroes "take up the burden of and the responsibility for our human existence" . . . even if they are unideological (*Nova Kultura*, No. 5, 1959). One of the Kafka novels which were translated into Polish was serialised into a popular weekly, *Przekrój*, with a circulation of 400,000. Even after the revolutionary-existentialist mood in Poland faded, the interest remained. *Letters to Milena* has recently been published, and *The Trial* has been playing to full houses in a Warsaw theatre.

Just recently, a fairly extensive analysis of Kafka's writings has appeared in the Soviet Union, and a discussion has taken place in his native Prague. He is very far from being "approved," yet the judgment on him is not nearly so stern, and some redeeming features are even being found.

The orthodox view was expressed in *Znamya* (No. 7, 1958):

Writings of Kafka and the art of Joyce are absolutely alien to the ideas of socialist realism. . . . The author of *The Castle* and other equally distorted works, suffered, as is well known, from schizophrenia and persecution-mania, and the ideas with which his works are overloaded are of clinical rather than artistic interest.

This view seems to be somewhat qualified in *Inostrannaya Literatura* (No. 2, 1959):

With all the fantastic absurdity of the court "procedure" in *The Trial*. . . its essence corresponds—on the abstract plane, of course—to the character of the bureaucratic institutions in a bourgeois state. . . . Therefore there is much tragic dignity in the passive resistance of Joseph K.

However, the final verdict on Franz K. in the land of Comrade K. is still relentless:

Franz Kafka, who sympathised platonically with the workers and condemned their oppressors, turns out to be objectively in the camp of the most arrant reaction, when it comes to a philosophical and artistic assessment of reality. . . .

A much milder judgment is pronounced in *Tvorba* (No. 2, 1959) by Jiri Hajek in one of the rare instances of a Czechoslovak deviation from the Moscow line:

The situation of a lonely, self-contained man, limited by false conventions, which is so forcefully and in such original artistic form described in the best works of Kafka, is above all a result of the personal experience of the author. . . . However, his writings transgress subjective experience precisely because of their artistic generalisation: they create a symbol out of one of the most tragic aspects of life of man in a society the laws of which alienate him from other people and ultimately from himself. Because of this we will have to deal for a long time to come with Kafka's writings and defend them from our own and Western snobbery . . . as well as from reactionary attempts to exploit them in order to propagate mystical moods and resignation. . . . Therefore, I think, one should oppose a correct interpretation of Kafka to such tendencies. . . . To declare that *The Trial* is a deliberate symbolic presentation of social relations under capitalism, or an attack on the inhumanity of the bourgeois judiciary, is, at best, to ascribe to Kafka more than he has written, and to overlook the moral and critical significance of the novel. . . .

My Fair Royalty

CAN there be such a thing as "cultural co-existence"? This depends, in small semantic part, whether the words "cultural" and *kulturny* can be given some shared bilingual meaning.

The problem of author's fees and international copyright conventions remains one of the stumbling blocks. Only a few British authors received any payments for the Russian editions of their works. A small number of authors of scientific or medical works have benefited, and some of them were paid in unconvertible roubles.

Not long ago, Mr. Adrian Conan Doyle appealed to a Soviet law court for royalties on translations of his father's works (Sherlock Holmes is very popular in Russia). There have been various other futile efforts on the part of Western publishers and authors to obtain royalties from Moscow. More recently, the two authors of *My Fair Lady*, Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, received an unexpected letter from the Soviet Union signed by a certain Victor Louis:

I have already translated the script of *My Fair Lady* and the comedy is going to be staged in Sverdlovsk and Kiev during the 1959-1960 season. I have got the vocal score and the piano accompaniment as recorded at the New York per-

formance of the play. But I have not succeeded in getting the orchestral score, and I would be very happy if you could send me one. If it won't be forthcoming we will be obliged to reconstitute the orchestral score from the recorded version in our possession. . . . I am afraid that you will not be able to benefit from the copyrights, as no agreement has been concluded on this subject between the United States and the U.S.S.R.*

The authors replied to Mr. Louis indignantly, refusing to grant him the right to stage their musical in the U.S.S.R.:

At the moment when deliberate efforts are made for creating salutary cultural and artistic exchanges between our two countries, it seems to us inconceivable that you should envisage such profoundly outrageous, immoral, and illegal action. . . .

In applying the adjective "illegal" the American authors are, unfortunately, mistaken. Soviet Russia has signed neither the Berne Convention nor the so-called Universal Copyright Convention. They have, of course, every right to feel outraged by piratic practices. But wouldn't it be something of a pity if the good people of Kiev or Sverdlovsk or Moscow could not see *My Fair Lady*? We once had an opportunity to watch Soviet audiences react to some popular Western productions. (It happened to be a Deanna Durbin film and Duvivier's *Great Waltz*.) One could hardly fail to come away with the suspicion that something rather subversive was going on. The mind of the "Soviet man" is not without imagination, and from time to time it is pleased to go into temporary exile. It is, of course, the familiar phenomenon of "forbidden fruit," and it coincides now, more than ever before, with rising "bourgeois aspirations" of the Soviet "proletarian masses." How could *My Fair Lady*, with its charm and vivacity, fail to become a hit in Moscow? Marx, Freud, and perhaps even Bernard Shaw, would have understood how such things release suppressed yearnings, puncture myths of Soviet home-front propaganda, and reinforce the lurking temptation of the mysterious West. Possibly even Moscow's high-brows will learn something from Professor Higgins.

* "A foreign citizen, whose works have been published or the material for which is held abroad, can obtain copyright on his work in the U.S.S.R. only on the basis of an agreement between the U.S.S.R. and the corresponding foreign state. . . . Up to the present time such agreements have not been concluded." *Soviet Authors' Copyrights* by B. S. Antimonov and E. L. Fleishütz (State Publishing House of Juridical Literature, Moscow, 1957), p. 66.

LETTERS

“Long Live Personality!”

Was it not perhaps a little sly of you to print on p. 82 of your May issue, the quotations about the cult of Khrushchev's personality in type so small as to be illegible to the naked eye? When I got my magnifying glass on to them they did not seem quite to bear out the introduction on the subject-headings. You say they were not expressed in the superlatives customary in Stalin's time. But the difference is of kind, not degree.

The subject-headings might lead the myopic reader to suppose that Khrushchev had been praised, as Stalin would have been, for being himself a genius at atomic physics, literature, chemistry, guided missiles, and military strategy. But by using a powerful magnifier one can see that all that is claimed is that progress in these and other matters has been due to the support of the Central Committee and of Khrushchev personally. This is not at all the same thing.

Your smartest effect is in heading the quotation from Pospelov “Universal Genius.” In fact these words were not applied to Khrushchev by Pospelov, at any rate not in the quotation you give. All Pospelov says is that in a number of fields progress was made owing to “the initiative, the rich political experience and tireless energy” of Comrade Khrushchev. I doubt if anyone would contest Khrushchev's possession of these particular qualities, and I think it is true enough that he has applied them to the subjects listed by Pospelov.

Generally speaking the praises you quote are not much more fulsome than the kind of things that might be said about Mr. Macmillan at a Conservative Party Congress. There may be worse to come, but it has not come yet.

W. G. HAYTER

*The Warden, New College
Oxford*

[*The small type—as Sir William, an old hand at fact-crammed dispatches, must know—was intended to cut the article down to size, not the man.*]

By using his magnifying glass, the former Ambassador to Russia discovers that the quotations praising the achievements of Mr. Khrushchev “are not much more fulsome than the kind of things that might be said about Mr. Macmillan at a Conservative Party Conference. . . .” Powerful magnifier, indeed, which finds that the current flattery of Comrade Khrushchev is different “in kind” from the sycophancy to Comrade Stalin—but it is different only “in degree” from Tory hurrahs for the Prime Minister! We would be pleased to print selections by Sir William (in a type size to be selected by him) which could document and prove this extraordinary point.

Our own point was not at all that Khrushchev enjoys the same “personality cult” as Stalin did.

There is a difference. But the emphatic condemnation of the “personality cult” at the 20th Congress of the CPSU by Mr. Khrushchev surely stands in striking contrast to the “fulsome praise” he did in fact receive at the 21st Congress. The tributes paid to him on the occasion of his sixty-fifth birthday confirm our impression of the immodest beginnings of a new idolatry.

We were glad to note that Sir William himself does not entirely exclude such considerations, for he wrote recently in The Times (28th April) of “the increasingly personal nature of Mr. Khrushchev's control of affairs. . . .” Why should he be surprised if the abandonment of the “collective leadership” is now accompanied by the reintroduction of elements of the “personality cult”?—Ed.]

Russell and the Bomb

I WAS surprised to find in Mr. Arthur Schlesinger's review of Lord Bertrand Russell's *Common Sense and Nuclear Warfare* [ENCOUNTER, March, 1959] a somewhat ill-conceived and irrelevant aside at the author. Referring to Lord Russell's warning that unless we rapidly “act to bring about a world government” we will drift towards inevitable extinction, the reviewer sarcastically remarks that “inevitability is a heavy dose, especially from a philosopher who in the past has looked more sympathetically on the possibility of human freedom.” I went back to the book under review and read it once again from cover to cover, but have failed to detect the least suggestion anywhere in it of Lord Russell's conversion to fatalism. If he were a fatalist, well, would he have taken the trouble of writing the book at all? The world to-day is smarting under the cumulative nemesis of centuries of political follies, and Lord Russell has merely tried to drive home to politicians that though the position is yet not irredeemable, they can commit one folly too many. And the fatal folly becomes more imminent with every political dispute that is evaded and suffered to run sore.

It is dangerous to rely on “balance of terror” to avert the dreaded outbreak. Nuclear weapons may not go around setting themselves off, but any error or nervous breakdown on the part of people handling the weapons in transport, etc., can lead to a flare-up. If that happens, the situation will get completely out of human hands in a matter of moments. If Lord Bertrand Russell is alarmed, his critic is complacent. History is crowded with men who were wise all right, but only after the event. In the “event” of a nuclear war breaking out there will be no need for any of us to be wise ever afterwards.

R. MANI

Calcutta, India

[ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR., writes: (1) *Certain passages in Common Sense and Nuclear Warfare* (cf. especially pp. 16, 32) set forth a sequence of events which Lord Russell says will inexorably take place unless present policies are reversed. My review

questioned whether history had become quite that preordained. Obviously Lord Russell is no consistent fatalist; but, in arguing in terms of historical inevitability, he perhaps allowed fatalism to permeate his rhetoric to a greater extent than his more sober philosophy would justify.

(2) As for the "balance of terror," of course it is a ghastly way to live. I am for the balance of terror

only so long as it is the sole alternative to a Communist monopoly of terror (a monopoly which would be instantly created if the all-out enemies of the bomb should ever succeed in producing the unilateral disarmament of the West). In time, I believe, progress towards controlled international disarmament will show that there are other alternatives.]

"The Prostitute in London"

I READ Mr. Young's article with great interest, but I cannot help feeling that Mr. Young, like everybody else, is largely guessing. Generalisations from such a small sample are guesses. What is really needed is a scientific study, perhaps on the same sort of lines as Mass Observation used before the war.

One particular observation of Mr. Young's struck me as possibly open to challenge. It was that street-girls never give up. It would be highly interesting if one could get a list of the girls who were convicted, say, five, ten, or fifteen years ago, and see what happened to them. My own guess is that quite a number would be found to be living apparently respectable lives; but of course amongst the prostitutes, one only meets those who have not been able to stop.

R. T. PAGET, Q.C., M.P.

House of Commons

FASCINATING as Mr. Wayland Young's article is, I feel that it misses something by concentrating so much on the provincial girls who come to London. What about London girls who grow up in the atmosphere of crime and squalor? What about the continental girls (we only hear *his ideas* on their point of view)? Extending the field, what about ponces (ditto)? We also need a more extensive and generous examination of the reasons why men frequent prostitutes.

I also feel that he is rather too comfortable and idealistic in his attitude. It should be remembered that sex for much of our society is split into the separate worlds of romance and obscenity (one or other often being suppressed), and that prostitution is often, for both the prostitute and her client, no more than an honest version of an all too common underlying pattern in sexual relations.

For Mr. Young's values I have nothing but admiration, but he surely simplifies the issue. Discussion of sex in plain English and invocation of "love" are indeed better than punitive legislation, but there is more to the problem than that.

NICOLAS WALTER

*Belsize Park Gardens
London, N.W.3*

I LIVE in a ground-floor flat on the Bayswater Road (a few doors away from Mr. Wayland Young), and am thus well placed to observe the sad spectacle

which he has so movingly analysed in the May issue of ENCOUNTER. My flat is set back from the main road by a drive-in which is separated from the pavement by a tall stone balustrade. At one end of this stand our two "regulars"; they are not exactly glamorous but are very cheerful and grin and wave at me in amiable fashion when I look out from my window. When they are not in the vicinity, the balustrade is often used as cover by policemen who crouch behind it waiting to pounce on the "girls" or to give chase if the quarry is alerted. Frequently I am aroused by the frantic clatter of high-heeled shoes followed by the heavier beat of boots or sometimes by the purr of the Black Maria. Unfortunately the "kill" often takes place outside the bedroom window of my small son; it is rather disturbing to think that he may be able to listen-in to the angry obscene expostulations of the "girls," to their indignant cries that it's not their "turn" yet, or that it's too early in the night to be arrested. I might add that the prostitutes and police seem to be on good "sporting" terms but this only emphasises the childishness of it all and supports Mr. Young's suggestion that police prosecutions are a form of taxation.

Crime is, I believe, on the increase; wouldn't it be a rather sensible idea to give the police more opportunity to deal with it by releasing them from this degrading hole-and-corner task of persecuting comparatively harmless females?

A. COMERFORD

London, W.2

CONGRATULATIONS on your splendid article by Wayland Young in your May issue. If only the "popular" daily press could publish such an article! But of course it's *just* their attitude that *fosters* prostitution—girls *and* clients. All prostitutes could be brought back to the sensibility of real love by methods of analysis that I won't go into here, but what's the point of liberating the genuine but locked-up human feeling that's in these people when society itself hates all that is living and sincere? Young's last three paragraphs ought to be read out loud to our entire adult population every day for a week, because although only children can be taught while adults can only be analysed, yet only adults can teach the children, and people like A. S. Neill (for example) are not, alas, born every day.

I hope your May issue finds its way into the hands of as many of those readers of the more lurid Sunday papers as possible.

JOHN ROLPH

*The Scorpion Press
Northwood, Middlesex*

THE article by Mr. Wayland Young on the London prostitute, with its lurid details and coarse language, cannot be said to enhance the reputation of your periodical. I do not for the life of me see what value there is in such an article or why such crudities of language should have been employed in revealing all the sordid details of the prostitute's life. It has left a nasty taste in my mouth and I never want to read another such article.

It may be argued that this is the current coin of modern novels, but the number of people who no longer read modern fiction, whether written by angry or cheerful young men, is increasing, and for this very reason. We are sick of this "realism" and do not expect to find it in a publication like ENCOUNTER.

It has been the fashion for many years now to deride what is called Victorian hypocrisy, but which could be called with more truth, restraint and decency in language and literature. We know that the evil of prostitution has existed for millennia and will continue to exist, as Mr. Young states, so what is the value of such a survey? I am of the opinion that the quiet hypocrisy, if you will, of the Victorians, is preferable and less dangerous to society than the open vice of to-day. Mr. Young seems even to deplore the fact that there are still a few words which are unprintable... The western world would benefit much if there were less emphasis on sex. As in politics, man does not know when to stop but goes from one extreme to the other...

WILFRID A. SADIE

Montreal, Canada

WE HAVE travelled far since James Boswell went whoring "in a rich flow of animal spirits and burning with fierce desire." To-day, it seems, men will sooner boast of being queer than confess to satisfying a healthy heterosexual appetite in that manner. Nevertheless, I question Wayland Young's pious assumption that anyone who wants a prostitute must be either a "kinky" or a "ducker" or an ignoramus or in some way so twisted as to warrant a place in Dr. Gibbens' casebook.

All right, it is not the real thing; love is different. But the fact remains as Arnold Bennett put it: "Not one passion in a thousand lasts, as a passion, more than three years. Few last, as passions, more than six months; an appreciable proportion do not survive the honeymoon. The passion may settle down into a solid and enduring calm affection, or it may wither into a tolerant mutual indifference, or it may degenerate into actual dislike."

Some men, a few, are so happily endowed that

they have always another "sexually synchronous" girl lined up. For the majority, a prostitute is a natural and agreeable digression from the dusty road of "solid and enduring calm affection."

R. L. ARCHDALE

*Darenth House
Leigh-on-Sea
Essex*

You have lost one faithful reader, my wife, who thinks Wayland Young on "The Prostitute in London" could have appeared in *The News of the World*. I am trying to remain loyal: could it have appeared anywhere but in ENCOUNTER?

Of course the article might or might not appear in *The News of the World*. If it did, it would only be because it was considered scandalous. I don't think the fact that it is scabrous should weigh too much with the rest of us. The question is whether it is an interesting and truthful article about a matter which people should be concerned with...

However, this much I cannot repress: Wayland is obviously very smug. People always have a secret motive for writing about sex, I suppose. The secret message of what he is trying to say is that he, W. Y., is an utterly detached observer of such good faith and such a perfectly balanced attitude that the girls talk to him as they would to no one else, and this is because he is neither a client nor a probation officer nor Billy Graham nor a lascivious repressed kinky, but Wayland Young, and this is because he is happily married to Mrs. Wayland Young, whom he not only loves but makes satisfied (and she

De Profundis

(With apologies to W. E. Henley)

*In Biblical ages past and gone
Society viewed us with horror,
When you were a whore in Babylon
And I was a sod in Gomorrah.*

*And a thousand centuries have rolled by,
And the law has dogged us twain
Since you infested Ur, and I
The Cities of the Plain;
But we never came each other nigh,
Though linked as mankind's bane.*

*And a thousand things have been said and done
To make us disappear,
But an everlasting phenomenon,
We still continue here—
And you are a tart in Paddington,
And I am a West End queer.*

*The names are changed, but we carry on
As of old in the Biblical borough,
When you were a whore in Babylon,
And I was a sod in Gomorrah.*

OLGA KATZIN

makes him, Wayland Young, satisfied), and, dear readers, if we were all like Mr. and Mrs. Wayland Young and their sixteen off-spring, there would be Satisfied Physical Love blended with Satisfied Spiritual Love in the world, and there would be no prostitutes, no queers, no kinkies, and no one else would ever have to write another article to add a single word to what had been written by Wayland Young, and therefore had solved the problem of Prostitution for ever. And, love between Mr. and Mrs. Wayland Young, like this article, is hard, honest, genuine, scientific, yet humane, work.

T. T.

New York

I HAVE been expressing some tentative views that prison is not very good for prostitutes and that prostitutes are rather bad for prisons. I am rather attracted by the old-world charm of your view that Members of Parliament know a good deal about the subjects on which they speak, a view that would not be shared by any addict of the "Cross Bencher" column. Nevertheless, I must hasten to add, that apart from the fact that I do not possess an umbrella, I am a typical resident of subtopia, rarely emerging except to travel to Westminster and then normally subterraneously.

To comment on the article by Mr. Wayland Young is rather like asking Miss Wilhelmina Stitch to write a racy translation of Juvenal's sixth satire. I have glanced through it, with smoked glasses, and can say, after Abraham Lincoln, that for those keen on this sort of thing, this is indubitably the sort of thing that they like.

I was much interested in the talk with Vinoba Bhawe and I am sure that he must have found the interviewer stimulating. It is perhaps a pity that the necessity of seeing the Taj Mahal by moonlight, or the Blackpool illuminations, cut short the interview. I should be very glad sometime to read a longer account of the thinking of this very great man who has managed, to a remarkable degree, to combine saintliness with practical political sagacity.

LESLIE HALE, M.P.

House of Commons

"Leavis Against Eliot"

ONE has no difficulty in recognising the familiar tones of Dr. Leavis' hatchet-men when he is attacked. The note of lofty measured judgment is struck this time by Mr. Littlewood: ENCOUNTER is warned that it has damaged itself. Then there is the note of pained bewilderment struck by Mr. Jacobson, who pleads that Mr. Grigson's piece was not an encounter but an ambush, and who asks "in the name of the most elementary fair play" that a man should be entitled to speak for himself first before he and his views are subjected to ridicule and abuse in these pages,

Why does Mr. Jacobson whine? In what way did the editors of ENCOUNTER depart from the standards that Dr. Leavis himself set? Were any of the creative

writers and critics who were abused year in year out in *Scrutiny* granted "the elementary fair play" that Mr. Jacobson demands? The damage to what Mr. Littlewood calls "intellectual exchange" was done long ago by the tone in controversy which Dr. Leavis employed. The ambusher has been ambushed.

C. EDRIDGE

London

ALL rigid orthodoxies would like to burn heretics and infidels. Mr. Gransden, a disciple of Dr. Leavis, tells us that if we do not like Lawrence we are "almost certainly" Establishment men. He also boasts that his fellow-disciples have now been widely disseminated in the English universities. There is this, then, to be asked. How do these young men and women display their faith in Lawrence? How, for that matter, does their Master do so? Do they conspicuously live the kind of lives which Lawrence recommended us to live? Are they creatures of the blood rather than of the intellect? Do they follow the instructions of their dark gods, and if so to what activities does this impel them?

If, on the other hand, they live much as the rest of us do in our complex urbanised society, could this be because Lawrence's prophetic imperatives were either too vague or too grotesque for any modern man to follow? Is it possible that, far from being a radical, Lawrence was so extreme and fantastic a reactionary that he has no relevance whatever to the real problems of our time?

On his disciples—even on his disciples at one remove through Dr. Leavis—Lawrence does seem to have at least one effect. Accustomed to praise a writer who was also a prophet they judge other writers as if they belonged to the same order. It is well known that Mr. Eliot is a Conservative, a Royalist, and an Anglo-Catholic. It is well known that Joyce was arrogantly non-political. But neither of them wished or ever tried to be a *prophet* of these attitudes. And both attitudes, whatever we may think of them in the field of daily affairs and public life, can provide a revealing wisdom of reality.

Alas for all ardent simplifiers, literature and life are very different things, and the relationship between them is unfathomably complex. Mr. Trilling discovered long ago that good political and social intentions have often paved the way to hellishly bad literature. Could a great Fascist poem have been written? Perhaps not. But *The Merchant of Venice* is anti-Semitic; Proust was a snob; Claudel an extreme reactionary; Yeats an obscurantist... the list is enormous. If these writers had indeed been prophets, as Lawrence was, then their works would have been crippled by the inadequacy of their attitudes to life. But they were not prophets: they subordinated their conceptions of reality to the art of true creation.

And what is wrong, finally, with being cosmopolitan? These Leavisite Little Englanders seem to have fallen victim to that spirit of narrow nationalism which is still the most virulent disease of our age.

PHILIP TOYNBEE

Lindsey, Suffolk

“Democratic Army”

MR. SIMON RAVEN's excellent article requires some elaboration. Everything he says is true—up to a point. He claims that in the current system of democratisation of the officer class the young officers are inculcated with *Humour, Enthusiasm, Loyalty, Sociability, Initiative, and Responsibility*. The virtue he omits to mention is *Service*. Either Mr. Raven has overlooked it through carelessness, or (more likely)—at Sandhurst and Warminster—it is not properly taught.

A couple of years older than Mr. Raven, I experienced thirteen years' regular commissioned service, at the end of which time I came to several conclusions.

There is an unbridgeable gulf between those officers who have seen active service and those who have not. The former are far more sympathetic and understanding towards the troops they command. (They instinctively look after the needs of their men, while the latter have to be taught to keep horrible little notebooks entitled “Personal Welfare”).

The more an officer has fought and suffered—particularly in the Burma campaign—the less “feudal,” in Mr. Raven's sense, he is. It is a sobering thought that there are now a number of Majors (Company Commanders) who have no knowledge of that for which they have been trained other than large-scale manœuvres in B.A.O.R. with appropriate visits to the *Rieperbahn* between times.

It is highly probable that when an officer is considered for Command (of a Battalion) his attitude towards Christianity is taken into account. (Nothing written down, of course, it comes under the heading “moral character” since the Establishment will not allow that non-Christians can be moral). Thus in many regiments the number of young officers attending divine service varies in direct and hypocritical proportion as to whether or not the Commanding Officer is present.

The pre-war officer class was governed by a number of unwritten rules based on the assumption that all officers were gentlemen. Under the present system of democratisation stresses are imposed when these rules are misunderstood.

It is the tradition of many regiments that *all* officers (except the C.O.) are addressed by their Christian names when off parade. The young officer in the democratised army is hurt and aggrieved when he is reprimanded by a Field Officer he has been taught to call “Jack.” Similarly he does not see why it is all right to get paralytically drunk in the Mess and yet extremely foolish to flirt with his Corporal's sister.

Because it is easier to copy the outward forms than inner virtues the young officer apes his betters in the things that don't matter (dress, accent, mode of speech, physical attitudes, etc.), but does not follow their example in the things that do (cleanliness, politeness to subordinates, modesty, etc.). Thus a new code is being established in which gentleness is mistaken for “softness,” professionalism is only for the technical “types,” and clean boots become more important than clean lavatories.

It is noticeable that other armies have solved the democratisation of their officer corps by imposing much more rigid and formal attitudes off parade. In the American army *all* officers refer to each other in complete privacy as Captain A. or Major B., irrespective of how long they have known each other. In the Canadian army where commissioning after long service in the ranks is quite common officers address those of even one higher rank as “Sir” in the Mess. Rules relating to Mess behaviour are written down to cover all manner of unlikely and alarming contingencies.

In the other Services a solution has also been found. The democratic revolution which Mr. Raven witnessed in the Army has already taken place in the R.A.F. After great heart-burning and not a few resignations they opted for technicians as opposed to gentlemen. One suspects that the Royal Navy did the opposite.

However, all is not lost. The officer class will not perish by hari-kari with its own sword. There are enough officer families with long traditions of *service* to counterbalance the “all-grab-and-no-give” imitators. There are still enough places in the world where the likelihood of being shot at in earnest quickly separates the wheat from the chaff before the latter becomes sufficiently senior to do incalculable damage.

DAVID JOHN

*The Old Vicarage
Market Lavington
Devizes, Wilts.*

WHATEVER the “regrettable and squalid” circumstances were that led Captain Raven to resign his commission, they certainly seem to have given him a whacking great trauma about Army officers. I thought the extraordinary creatures that peopled *The Feathers of Death* were intentional caricatures, in the way that Ian Fleming's characters are, but now it appears that this is how he really sees the denizens of the officers' mess.

The fact is, as far as I remember it (and I haven't lived in an officers' mess since 1948, when I completed a period of nine years doing so), that the virtues and vices of Army officers are much like those of anyone else in the same social stratum, though living in a closed community illuminates them more brightly. But Captain Raven is determined to see both the virtues and the vices in a baleful light. Is it really so bad that young officers should be taught to cultivate pride, humour, enthusiasm, loyalty, sociability, initiative, and responsibility? No doubt the interpretation put upon these qualities was not always the one that pleased Captain Raven best; but then it must be borne in mind that men of his particular cast of mind are not likely to crop up very often in the Army—or, for that matter, in banks, insurance offices, the Stock Exchange, or the Civil Service.

The Army, certainly the infantry, is not a profession that attracts sensitive or intellectual people

on the whole. The people it does attract are people to whom the unspeakable horrors that Captain Raven reports, such as having to agree with ignorant generals in the mess, seem comparatively harmless. This is just as well, since the aim towards which an officer is trained is not to shine in the social activities of the mess but to lead men in the field. Captain Raven knows this, but does not think it important; he disapproves roundly of Second-Lieutenant A., but adds, almost as an afterthought, that he "had a real gift for handling men and was outstanding on forest patrols."

The fact is that the type of man who so offends Captain Raven, and the "feudal" attitude to life which he adopts, happen to be rather effective in the business of soldiering. In the last analysis, the whole training of the junior officer is directed towards making him a reliable instrument in the field: that is, he must have pride (which includes courage), initiative, and responsibility enough to meet any emergency with an immediate and correct response, and enthusiasm, loyalty, and sociability enough to see him through the long, tedious periods between emergencies. To train even an exceptional young man to this level is not easy; to train an average post-war subaltern is even less so.

And here is the crux of the matter: between 1939 and 1946 we underwent a social revolution. Before the war the young officer really believed that the social circumstances of his upbringing and birth entitled him to give orders to "other ranks"; and the "other ranks" were on the whole quite satisfied that officers should possess that privilege. But now the barriers between the classes are much more tenuous; except in the "better-class" regiments the officer has no instinctive belief in his right to command, still less has the soldier, the National Serviceman especially, an instinctive belief in the officer's right to command him.

Unfortunately these beliefs have got to exist if an army is to function properly, so that where the instinct does not exist it must be created. It may be that its creation turns the young officer into someone less pleasant than he was before, at any rate to Captain Raven; but that is an argument against having an army at all, not against running ours as we do.

By way of postscript, I feel it may be significant that in America, where natural social barriers are lower than ours, the efforts to create them in the Army by just such means as Captain Raven condemns, from "hazing" at West Point to addressing officers in the third person, are even more strongly pursued than with us.

B. A. YOUNG

Chelsea, London

I HAVE read Simon Raven's article with great interest and sympathy. His reflections were certainly applicable in a broad way to the pre-1914 Army, and even to that of the 1920's. But from my observation I should have thought that the "feudal" outlook and attitude which he describes had much diminished and largely disappeared, even though it may persist or have been resurrected in some spots.

I am aware that it is very difficult for anyone in the higher levels to know what the people on the lower levels are really thinking, and the prevailing attitude there—a barrier which applies even to a detached observer as he grows older, so I have taken the opportunity of showing the article to several friends among younger officers now serving who are refreshingly critical of military institutions and customs. But even these, I find, think that the "new feudalism" which it indicts is exceptional rather than general.

Nevertheless, his criticism may help to stimulate the re-examination and self-examination that is always useful—even though unpalatable.

B. H. LIDDELL HART

*States House, Medmenham,
Marlow, Bucks.*

Legend and Symbol in "Zhivago"

MR. WILSON's article [ENCOUNTER, June] provides many clues to the understanding of *Dr. Zhivago*. His insistence on Pasternak's use of symbolism is particularly valuable and should dispose of the idea that the book is a shapeless, old-fashioned, pseudo-Tolstoyan novel, for its new technique and logical structure become evident as soon as the symbols are perceived.

To enter Pasternak's symbolic world is rather like deep-sea diving: there are many strange objects, and depths below depths. Those who overlook these depths are perhaps misled by the style of Pasternak's recent books: were he writing like Joyce, or as he was himself writing in the 'twenties, they would not mistake his novel for a "straight" story. There are many other readers who swim through these depths almost unconsciously and surface with the feeling that the world is richer, more mysterious, and more real than they had thought, without being able to account for this impression; this is perhaps the secret of the novel's popularity—Pasternak has discovered a language and an art-form through which a sophisticated poet can communicate with millions, as though we were not living in an age of hermetic art, of highbrows and lowbrows. But to those of us who like symbols to be identified, Mr. Wilson renders a great service. I hope that his example as an explorer will be followed, for he would probably be the last to claim that his interpretations leave no room for others.

To take some examples—Larissa is all he says, and also other things including sometimes Yury's "anima" and, most often, Russia and the Russian people in the period described. The passage briefly quoted by himself, which begins, "What did (Larissa) mean to (Yury)? Oh, that question he could always answer," goes on in the original:

A spring evening. The air is punctuated with sounds. Voices of playing children come from varying distances as if to show that the whole expanse is alive. *And this vast expanse is Russia, his incomparable mother, famed far and wide, martyred, stubborn, extravagant, crazy, irresponsible, adored Russia with her eternally splendid*

and disastrous and unpredictable gestures. [My italics.]

There are many other indications of this meaning. It is true that Larissa "does not speak the word Russia" but she uses the still more traditionally Russian expression, "the Russian land"; that she has no Russian blood merely underlines Pasternak's dissociation from racialism.

Siberia, as well as being "an expression for lying low," seems to be the "other side" of the soul as well as of the country: a place of primitive urges, of beauty, magic, and atrocities; a place of origin (the birthplace not only of Yevgraph, as Mr. Wilson notes, but of both Tonya and Larissa); a place opened up in moments of crisis and which tests the country, the revolution, and the soul by stripping them bare.

Yevgraph is all that Mr. Wilson said of him so penetratingly in his *New Yorker* article, but I doubt if he is, as Mr. Wilson suggests now, primarily Yury's literary genius. Of his three helpful interventions in Yury's life, only the last is followed by one of Yury's literary periods (and shortly also by his death), while the second is described in a section of Yury's diary which begins with the words: "Spring. No more time to write... till autumn." It is true that he "helps Yury to write," but he does this mainly by giving him security or by appearing as "the spirit of his death" (death on which "art ceaselessly meditates"). First introduced on the day when Yury learns that the dictatorship of the proletariat has been established, and "connected with the authorities" (though it is true that these may have at least as many meanings as in Kafka's *Castle*), Yevgraph seems usually to be an aspect of the régime with its power to kill or to protect (and Pasternak, as Mr. Wilson says, has been protected), and a beneficial potentiality of the revolution—in this sense, the half-brother of the poet on the plane of politics. As for the meaning of his name, it would seem in keeping with Pasternak's paradoxes that Yury, the "Cultivator," should be the poet, while Yevgraph, the "Writer," who reads Yury's poems and at times preserves them, should himself only write despatches.

Mr. Wilson's interpretation of "Moreau" is brilliant; but I find that of "Vetchinkin" as "Hamlet" less convincing, though I have no alternative to offer.

As for his letter, Pantheon Books do not deserve the tone of Mr. Wilson's strictures. As I explained, our corrected page proofs, which included many of the Notes and the Foreword, did not reach them in time, and they have now brought out a revised edition.

I neither deny the many imperfections of our translation nor have I ceased to think that we were right in attempting an equivalent of Pasternak's present style as well as of his words and images. Mr. Wilson is right when he says that "belfries" should have been "towers," but the transliteration, "balls on fire-station towers," would be equally cryptic and unpleasing. For the rest, the brilliance of Mr. Wilson's approach to the subject of the book makes it all the more difficult to understand his carelessness in discussing the translation. (E.g.,

"*pomeshatel'stvo* can mean hindrance"—never! "Mrs. Harari does not translate *svody* at all"—the translation is both in the book and in the actual article on which Mr. Wilson comments. *Ugar* has many meanings besides the two he mentions. It must surely have been clear that I meant that the translation would be clumsy if the prefix *za* were translated as "began to" whenever it meant this in Russian. The reason why *pogoda peremogalas'* takes place in autumn is that it was spring six months later, etc.) But there is no doubt that such bickering gets us nowhere.

MANYA HARARI

London

Hopkins

I AM grateful to Mr. Hilary Corke for his generous review of *The Journals and Papers of Gerard Manley Hopkins* in your May number; but I feel I must answer his charge that the decision not to publish the notes of daily self-examination from Hopkins' second Oxford diary is, in the long run, "not defensible." The question was considered very carefully, and I came to the conclusion that Humphrey House's decision, in the first edition, not to publish these notes was absolutely right. I have given in the *Preface* two different reasons for following it: (1) these are plainly notes made for the purpose of confession, afterwards crossed out by Hopkins himself; (2) they are monotonously repetitive, have almost none of Hopkins' distinctive marks of identity, and no literary value whatever. Their publication could only have seriously marred the literary attractiveness of these early writings.

I entirely agree that we should wish to know as much as possible about Hopkins the man. But the proper place for such detail is biography. Humphrey House had intended to draw extensively on these notes for the biography of the young Hopkins which he was writing at his death; and that book will be completed.

GRAHAM STORY

Trinity Hall
Cambridge

[HILARY CORKE writes: *I perfectly appreciate that Mr. Story's decision was only reached after the most careful consideration; nevertheless I do believe that decision to have been the wrong one.*

To use Mr. Story's own heads: (1) the implication of this (that the "seal of the confessional" in some way extends over these notes, even posthumously) is quite contradicted by Mr. Story's later announcement—which we must all welcome—that he is to "draw extensively" on them for the purposes of his forthcoming biography; (2) that the notes are of "no literary value" is not to the point—judged by this criterion at least a third of the already published notebook-material would have had to be excluded. We do not, for instance, plough through Hopkins' philological speculations for either literary or linguistic reasons, but because of the light they throw on one of the most remarkable of English

poetical talents. The notes for confession, no matter how "monotonously repetitive," etc. (and for this we have perforce to rely solely on the judgment of Mr. Story and his associates), cannot fail to throw a similar light on its possessor's renunciation of that talent.

I believe that in almost every such case the decision to publish must, in the very nature of things, be right and the decision to suppress be wrong. The case of the "confessions" of Johnson, which I cited, seems to me a sufficiently exact and revealing parallel; no man really understands, and loves, Johnson until he has read those humble and desperate pages.]

"Furtherest"

In the May ENCOUNTER Mr. Constantine Fitzgibbon upbraids Mr. R. T. Clarke, the translator of *The German Resistance*, for believing that the superlative of "further" is "furtherest." Mr. Clarke is in the excellent company of Mr. Lawrence Durrell who on page 13 of *Mountolive* has that gentleman hearing "the dull report of a gun from the furthestest boat..."

A. J. E. BRENNAN

Cheam, Surrey

"The Two Cultures"

THE split between the two cultures that Sir Charles Snow is so interestingly perturbed about [ENCOUNTER, June], though now evident to all, is not very new. In the last century the antipathy was between science and religion. Nobody thought of being rude to the contemporary literary culture. Practical men have always thought that poets fiddled while Rome burned. Undoubtedly they do, though it is possible to object that to cultivate one's garden quietly in difficult times is better than having hysterics about what cannot be altered by individual action. But that writers, ignorant though they may be of the Second Law of Thermodynamics because their work is a full-time occupation, are unconcerned with the world of science is, of the great majority of them, just not true. How many of the great prose writers of the period 1914-1950 for which Sir Charles seems to want to apologise, have written with insight of the problems posed by the advance of human knowledge?

It is, too, very important to distinguish between scientific achievements and the purposes to which they are put by technologists. If so many traditionally educated people would prefer to have lived fifty or a hundred years ago there is surely something wrong with the world now being created so rapidly around us by men who know everything there is to know about mass and acceleration and the new materials but who are mostly tasteless, stupid, unimaginative, and at worst, totally amoral.

Everyone knows that the tragedy of life in the vast undeveloped parts of the world is of the most

vital urgency. As Sir Charles so rightly remarks, only science can remedy our ills. Most of Africa and Asia could be brought up to an adequate standard of living but for the nigger in our wood-pile which is politics, the crude, almost mediæval parish-pump nationalism elevating backward peoples into a sacrosanct unit in a world where the biggest countries are more and more dependent on each other. This, coupled with 19th-century economics, effectively ensures that nobody can do anything on a sufficient scale. And most of the world is deprived of the services of banking and insurance without which neither capital development nor security is possible. Without these men will continue to suffer while professional politicians go on living in the past, a past not even having the beauties that a few impoverished writers still cultivate.

C. WREY GARDINER

London, W.2

Ghana

Mr. Peregrine Worsthorne's *Letter from Ghana* [ENCOUNTER, May] raises a number of interesting points, but it seems to me that his view that British officials are doing more harm than good by remaining in the service of Dr. Nkrumah is unrealistic. It is true that by remaining in a country which is rapidly becoming totalitarian these officials are to some extent having to compromise what political ideals they may be thought to hold. But it is surely absurd to suppose, as Mr. Worsthorne does, that, if British officials withdrew from Ghana, Nkrumah would be content to struggle on with an all-African civil service and police of vastly lowered standards of efficiency and an army which, without its British officers, would be incapable of taking the field. The Prime Minister of Ghana is before all practical: he knows he needs foreigners to run his country, democratically or otherwise, and if he cannot get Englishmen he will get Germans or Indians or Egyptians. It was commonly rumoured among African Army officers, where I was serving last year, that Nkrumah was even then contemplating asking Egypt to send officers to Ghana. This, and the fact that instead of increasing the rate of Africanisation within the Ghana Regiment—since independence the Accra government has gone backwards and is now advertising (I refer Mr. Worsthorne to Army Council Instructions) for British Infantry instructors down to the rank of sergeant—would seem to show that *at all costs* Nkrumah is determined to maintain strong government; a view Mr. Worsthorne would presumably support.

The point is surely this: Ghana with or without our help is going to become a powerful, aggressive State. Her rulers are fully aware of the need for foreign technical assistance. It is surely far better that we should give this assistance and thereby retain some sort of influence rather than surrender our opportunity for potential good to some more or less obnoxious foreign power.

SIMON GILLET

Peterhouse, Cambridge

AUTHORS

Malcolm Muggeridge was formerly Deputy Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, formerly Editor of *Punch*, and formerly a leading B.B.C. "television personality." His novel, *Affairs of the Heart*, was published in 1949 by Hamish Hamilton. He has also more recently edited *Ciano's Diaries*. He will be shortly taking a leave of absence from journalistic activities (*Sunday Pictorial*, *New Statesman*) to write "a personal history of our times." ...

Dame Rebecca West's most recent book was *The Court and the Castle*, published by Macmillan in 1958. ... **W. B. Stanford** who is Regius Professor of Greek in Trinity College, Dublin, has published several works on Greek literature. ...

Leonard Woolf edited *The Letters of Virginia Woolf and Lytton Strachey* which appeared in 1956 (Hogarth Press and Chatto & Windus). His major historical works include *Principia Politica* (1953) and two volumes of *After the Deluge* (1931, 1939). ...

Sir Charles Snow's next book, *The Affair*, will be published by Macmillan in the autumn. The text of his Rede lecture, as delivered last month, has now been published by the Cambridge University Press (3s. 6d.). ... **Alastair Buchan** who is Director of the Institute for Strategic Studies, has recently completed a biography of Walter Bagehot (to be published by Chatto & Windus in the autumn). ... **Mark Bonham Carter** is Liberal Member of Parliament for Torrington. ... **Constantine FitzGibbon** is at present working on the film script ("The 20th of July") of his book *Shirt of Nessus* which was published by Cassell in 1956; his last book, *Paradise Lost and More* (Cassell) appeared in June. ... Faber produced a re-issue of **Vernon Watkins'** poem *The Ballad of the Mari Lwyd* this year.

Dwight Macdonald who spent the year before last in London as an editor of *ENCOUNTER*, has just returned to England for *The New Yorker* (of which he is now a staff member). He is doing "research" for a long article on "British ghosts and haunted castles." ...

Morroe Berger is a professor at Princeton University, and he has just returned from Egypt. He is writing a "Cairo Notebook" which we will publish in these pages shortly. ... **T. R. Fyvel** is a well-known critic and journalist. He was a close friend of George Orwell, and once shared an office with him at *Tribune*. ...

Messrs. **Wayland Young**, **Simon Raven**, and **Peregrine Worsthorne** will be replying in the next number to the various controversial comments and criticisms of their recent contributions. A paradoxical polemical footnote has just been supplied by Ghana itself: **Russell Warren Howe** who wrote "In Defence of Ghana" in our last number [*ENCOUNTER*, June] has just been expelled from Accra. ...

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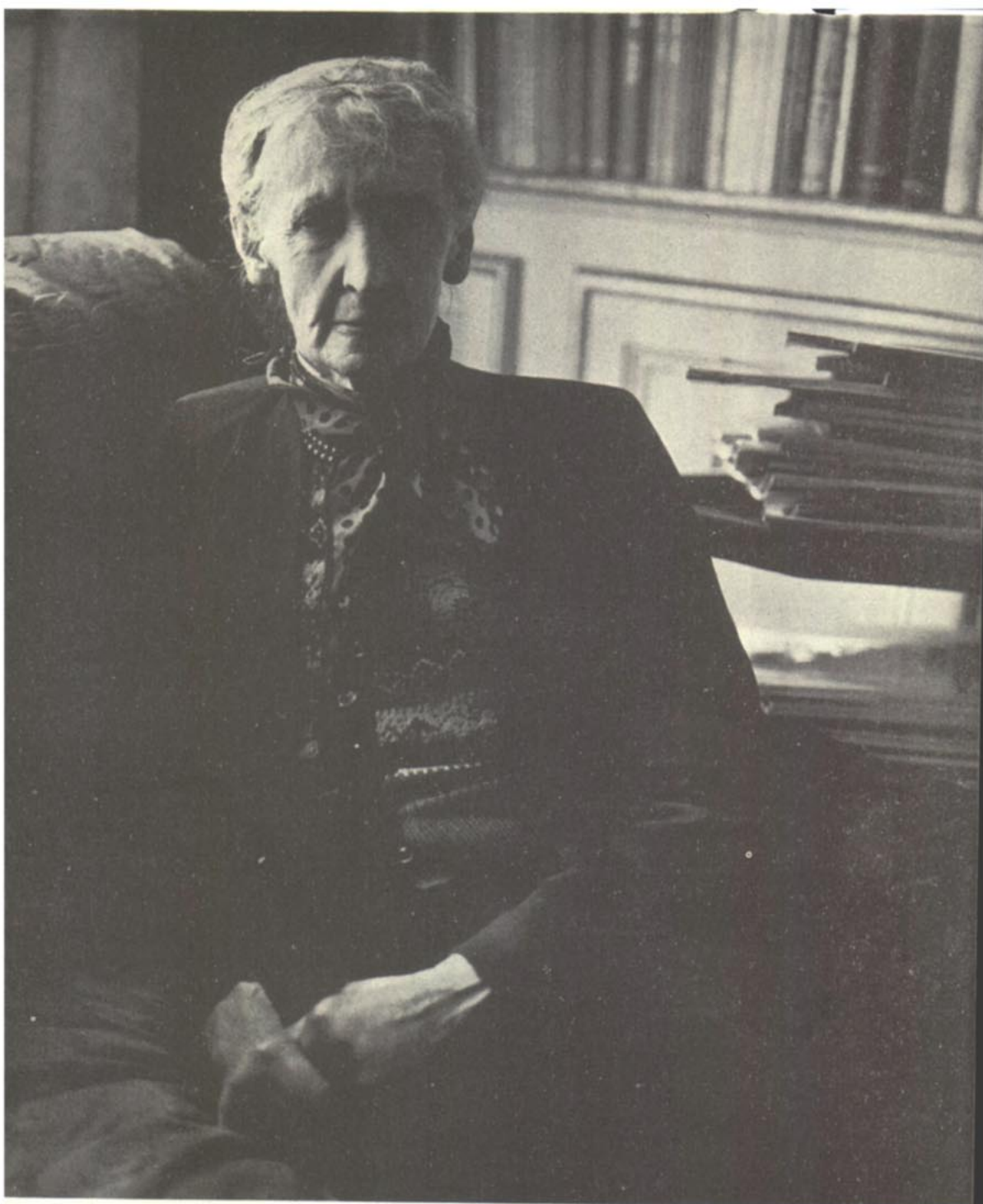
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